

The Nation

and

THE ATHENÆUM

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

Reviews.

ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS.

Modern English Essays. Edited by ERNEST RHYS. Five volumes. (Dent. 3s. each.)

IN one of the essays in this collection, of which he is a bright particular star, Mr. Chesterton compares the vague, comprehensive meaning of "the essay" with the equally vague, comprehensive meaning of "the novel." Almost all that we can say about them is that one is not the other, and that between them they cover the whole field of prose literature. "We call any long fictitious narrative in prose a novel, just as we call any short piece of prose without any narrative an essay. But both these forms are really quite formless, and both of them are really quite modern." And yet, though there are no such things as "the novel" or "the essay," we have a way of looking upon certain writers as novelists or essayists to the manner born; while other unfortunate people seem to us always to hover uneasily between the two incarnations. Neither as novelist nor as essayist does their skin quite fit; there is a something disquieting and disembodied about them, as there is, for instance, about George Gissing. On the other hand, there are certain writers (of whom Mr. Chesterton is one) who can fill either integument at will, with a rotund completeness that is the envy and admiration of their fellows. Yet a third kind (of these Mr. Wells is the most conspicuous) have been too generously endowed by destiny. It is the restlessness of sheer exuberance, a glorious but self-embarrassing luxuriance, which prevents them from settling into either habitation. They cannot even divide their time between the town house and the country cottage: they must be caravanning, camping, motoring, flying: they would live in a balloon or a coal-mine, simply because they have never done it before.

In fact, it comes to this. Though *the novel* and *the essay* do not exist, *the novelist* and *the essayist* do. The novelist is the writer who manages, through his prose fiction, to impose upon us the illusion of life. The life may be real or imaginary; he may have had quite another purpose in mind than to create the illusion: it does not matter; he is a novelist, because he is that and nothing else, not because we can find nothing else to call him. And the essayist is the writer who succeeds, in a prose which contains no narrative, in imposing upon us a sense of his living personality. It may be an intellectual personality; it may be spiritual; it may be carpet-slipped and convivial; but it must be living.

A distinction of this kind is vague, perhaps even arbitrary. Every tolerable piece of literature brings us into contact with a personality, if we have the knack of detecting the evidences. But the born essayist does not leave his personality to the mercies of detective criticism. Rather he exploits it, or, if "to exploit" be an unpleasant phrase, he employs it as an instrument for his purposes. He may go so far as to try to invent a personality, but that is a rash and dangerous method, adopted only by those second-rate writers who think, by imitating a manner, to emulate an effect. The personality which the true essayist employs is his own, but he is able to detach himself from it. He sees himself, as it were, in the round. And even when he is, as he often is, a critic of books, he is perpetually conscious of the personal equation in his judgments. If he does not copy Jules

Lemaitre's rather painful trick of constantly recalling to our minds the obvious fact that all judgments are personal, he chooses the more delicate device of making us feel, by the very phrasing of his criticism, that his way of looking at things literary is of the same order as his taste in wine and waistcoats.

Between the essayist's criticism and the critic's essay there is a difference in kind. A fine discrimination is, no doubt, necessary to both. But the essayist insinuates his; the critic promulgates: no wonder, then, that the essayist is usually the more persuasive. His general air of fallibility; his way of confessing that he can't for the life of him help liking such and such a thing, is infinitely more seductive than the critic's implication that, if you don't like what he has taken the trouble to show you, you are past praying for. You may lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink: but if a little horse sees a large, friendly horse, with his ears through a sun bonnet, amble up to a stream and drink with unmistakable delight, it is a thousand to one he will follow.

A certain number of the essays in this collection are essays about anything, which is another name for life. Of these the best perhaps make an odd trio—Stevenson's famous essay on Walking, which sets us blindly looking for our stoutest boots; Samuel Butler's astounding Ramble in Cheapside, and a perfect little essay on "Prohibition," by Mr. A. A. Milne, the most indisputably "born" essayist of the latest generation. But the majority of the essays are essays on books. Even if we divide them, as we must, into the criticisms of the essayists and the essays of the critics, and thus acknowledge that there is something accidental, or at least unessential, in the choice of books for their subjects by many of the essayists born, it is nevertheless rather surprising that the province of the essay should have so greatly narrowed in the last hundred years. The essayists of the early nineteenth century went as often to life as to literature for their themes. The reason of the change is, we suppose, that the novelist has encroached upon what used to be the essayist's territory. From 1700 to 1850 there was no literary form predominant as the drama had been for the hundred and fifty years before. The essayist, the novelist, the historian, and the poet had an equal share of the public attention. By 1850 the novelist had begun to monopolize it, and many men who might have been far more at their ease in writing essays for the old "London" or "Fraser's Magazine" found it easier to keep their heads above water by swimming with the tide than by struggling against it. The majority of essays were literary perforce, because they appeared in the literary reviews or nowhere.

This is a side-issue, though there is in it material enough for one of the chapters of that economic history of literature which is still, alas! unwritten. The fact remains that, in spite of Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Milne, and Mr. Lynd, the essay has become rather specialized. There are "middles," of course; though most editors know the difficulty of getting a "middle" that is not written about a book. The man who can write a good "middle" about life at first hand finds it infinitely more profitable to employ his gift of observation in a novel or a play. The essay becomes more and more the relaxation of the literary critic; it ceases to be a kind in itself.

Still, we must take the modern essay as we find it. It is literary; when it is not, it is often something far worse, it is precious. On the whole, the modern literary essay justifies itself. But it is impossible to pass a single judgment on both

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the kinds we have distinguished. The critics' essays are far too diverse in method and execution to be examined here. We can do no more than observe the gradual refinement of the robustious and approximative methods of the communicators of "gusto" into a fairly delicate technique. The appeal of the critical essay may have become more limited; it has certainly become more exquisite. For direct literary enjoyment, however, the criticism of the essayist is to be greatly preferred. The essayist critic remains an obvious human being, not a sublimated intelligence or a disembodied sensibility. Even when his perceptions are of the shrewdest, his judgments of the finest, he takes care to express them in a language which has a vitality of its own. So that, in the final result, it would not very much matter if he happened to be wrong. He presents himself to us as a man of prejudices. We can forgive them if we can find them; if we cannot (and they are more often pretended than real) he completely persuades us. Take, for example, Mr. Birrell's description of Macaulay in his essay on Carlyle:—

"Macaulay's position never admitted of doubt. We know what to expect, and we always get it. It is like the old days of W. G. Grace's cricket. We went to see the leviathan slog for six, and we saw it. We expected him to do it, and he did it. So with Macaulay—the good Whig, as he takes up the 'History,' settles himself down in his chair, and knows it is going to be a bad time for the Tories. Macaulay's style—his much-praised style—is ineffectual for the purpose of telling the truth about anything."

Pretty soon that passage will be as famous as its subject. Mr. Birrell presents us with himself and his man together. Two pages of critical analysis could scarcely tell us as much as those three sentences about W. G. It is homely, vivid, and utterly effective. It happens to be absolutely right: but we feel we should not take it too much to heart if it were wrong. Or consider Mr. Chesterton's way of stating a truth which has still to be discovered by a great many "advanced" spirits of to-day:—

"Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great artistic growth. The principle of art for art's sake is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that a tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air."

Just as with Mr. Birrell, there is a freedom in Mr. Chesterton's gesture which belongs to the essayist rather than the critic; and it is precisely this freedom which enables him to drive home a critical point with ten times the critic's force.

The difference, perhaps, comes down to this. The essayist can afford to take risks: the critic cannot. The essayist succeeds if he can impose his own personality upon us; the critic can only succeed if he imposes the personality of his author. The essayist can take risks. It is a pleasant and genial trait in a man's character that he can take risks. We can admire him for that alone. By taking risks he may do brilliantly in a paragraph what the critic does painfully in a page. But the critic has to keep it up; he has to explore with his small lamp the whole of the thing before him. The essayist's lantern may be as fitful as Mr. Pickwick's. One flash of it may do more in a second than the critic's rush-light in an hour: but in twenty-four hours the total of illumination may change.

We are not suggesting that Mr. Birrell ever, or Mr. Chesterton often, has made a mistake: we are trying to establish the nature of the distinction between two kinds of essays—perhaps also to restore our own self-respect at seeing a week of our own work done in a moment of theirs.

Finally, and in parenthesis, we must have the inevitable quarrel with the anthologist. Three names are missing from this collection which have the very finest flavor for the connoisseur of the modern essay. There is nothing of Mr. Lytton Strachey's, nothing of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's, nothing of Mr. E. M. Forster's. And yet there is a fourth: Mr. Norman Douglas. If we go on thinking about these four, we might be driven to conclude that Mr. Rhys is having a joke with us, and that he has concealed in his sleeve a sixth volume to make havoc of his other five.

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The Psychology of the Criminal. By M. HAMBLIN SMITH, M.D. (Methuen. 6s.)

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SOCIETY classifies those who openly flout her more important conventions into two groups, to which she gives the names "lunatic" and "criminal." The penalty of being included in one of these groups is pretty much the same as that of being placed in the other. And this is but right and natural, so far as retributive "justice" is concerned; for the psychological factors in insanity and in crime are fundamentally much alike. Indeed, the two groups overlap, and the work of the classifiers is often perforce of the nature of rather crude sophistry.

The "New Psychology" (the essential discovery of which is that the *only* motive forces possessed by man are the inherited impulses and instincts already implicit in the fertilized germ each one of us once was) is destined to change completely the general attitude towards insanity and crime, as it has already changed the attitude of the intelligent educated. Both of the books under review are written from this new standpoint; and a large part of each is devoted to an exposition of modern normal psychology. Dr. Hollander's book, indeed, affords one of the clearest, simplest, and most concise accounts of the motives of human action that could be placed in the hands of one unfamiliar with the Freudian and post-Freudian doctrines.

Dr. Hamblin Smith, the author of the other book named above, has a special claim to be listened to, in that he is the Medical Officer of H.M. Prison at Birmingham; and therefore has had exceptional opportunity of studying the actual individuals whose acts have led to their inclusion in the class of criminals. But he at once makes it clear that he regards this classification as essentially conventional and arbitrary, and in no way based on fundamental differences. By "crimes" he understands—rightly, it seems—acts which, in the opinion of a particular society, at a particular time, are considered to deserve punishment by that society. "The question as to whether the act is 'morally' wrong does not come in. . . . Eternal principles of right and justice may exist, but our limited intelligences are unable to discover what these principles are." In other words, in considering the "criminal" and his treatment, we are dealing with matters of expediency—not of theology or metaphysics.

To the contemplative mind, blame and hatred are ridiculous—equally of men and of earthquakes. But any given civilization or society, being based on the general observance of certain rules of the game, is bound, as the price of its continuance, to deal with such individuals as disregard those rules. The supremacy of the code of the herd is essential to the herd's survival as such, and, therefore, steps are taken, during the most malleable periods of the individual's life, to establish mental conventions and complexes which will tend to inhibit the more violent manifestations of those primal instincts and impulses which are thought to be anti-social in character or effects. The mind of the criminal and that of the lunatic are composed of the same ingredients as the minds of so-called normal men; but the proportionate strength of these ingredients is continuously, or at some given moment, or in some given circumstances, different from the normal. This abnormal ratio of the strength of conflicting impulses may be due to inherent abnormality, or to the effect of education or environment in over-developing some native instincts or starving others. Of two men, otherwise alike and similarly circumstanced, for example, a strong impulse of prudence, or fear of the consequences, may keep the one outside the arm of the law; whilst courage, or recklessness of the consequences, may cause the other to be branded as a criminal. A strong capacity for passionate love may drive one man to disregard the legal code; a highly developed acquisitive instinct may drive another to fraud; whilst a proud indifference to what other people think, or an atrophied maternal instinct—the instinct of pity—may remove obstacles to crime which keep other people out of gaol. What, then, is society to do? The growing recognition of the truth that, in a philosophic sense, the criminal, like the rest of us, is what he is, and acts as he does, because of his inherited psycho-

logical make-up and of environmental circumstances for which he cannot be held responsible, makes the inflicting of pain or penalties, even on criminals, as an act of "justice," retribution, or revenge, an inexcusable concession to the ignorance of the majority. To the modern thoughtful person, such "justice" is as cruel as that which dictates the thrashing of a dog which fails to come to heel when called, or of a cat which takes the fish from the dresser. As a means to an end, both may be excused; but as "natural justice" they cannot be tolerated.

Dr. Hamblin Smith's book is a plea for the careful psychological study of each individual breaker of the law; and this certainly is the immediate need—as it is in the case of the allied class of the insane. Urgent reform of our penal practice, as of our asylum practice, is called for along the lines of more careful classification and differentiation of treatment. Our prisons and our asylums alike are too homogeneous. Society is naturally anxious to get its lunatics and its criminals out of the way and under lock and key. But our developed social instinct and instinct of pity will not let us leave it at that. We feel an increasing pricking of conscience urging us to do what we can to soften the lot of our conquered enemies. Moreover, criminals and lunatics are expensive luxuries, and it is to our interest to cure those that are curable, and, by education and suitable conditions of life, to keep as many as possible within the great class of the normal. For the overwhelming majority of our "criminals" are not specimens of a distinct type. The notion of a "criminal type" is dead; and the only problem of criminology and penology is that concisely stated by Devon—"to find out why a man does wrong and make it not worth his while." Fear of the punishment of crime is but one of the factors in keeping a man straight. Hope of an assured reward of social decency is another factor which, with all but a few, would be far more effective if our social system afforded it a basis of reality.

LAW AND ETHICS.

Essays in the Law. By Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

DICEY and Maitland apart, Sir Frederick Pollock is one of the very few English lawyers of recent days in whom ample learning is still compatible with an agreeable style. The present volume contains papers all of which are well known in their original form; and a reperusal only intensifies the sense of their high distinction. Some of them are a little too technical for the lay reader; but the admirable essays on Locke, on Government by Committees, and English law reporting can be read by the most unlearned with interest and profit. Political theorists would do well to read the discussion of the fiction theory in English corporation law, in which Sir Frederick not only broke new ground, but opened up interesting avenues of speculation in the English theory of the State.

From a general standpoint the most significant of these essays are those upon "Lay Fallacies in the Law" and the brilliant summary of the history of the Law of Nature. In both of them Sir Frederick writes as a lawyer *pur et simple*, a little sardonically concerned to vindicate a jealous mistress from the attentions of the interested outsider. The law, he tells us in the first, is not an ethical code, and it is a fruitful fallacy to believe that "the law of the land purports to be a general guide for the conduct of life." No one who knows the typical habits of English jurisprudence will be inclined to question either of these assumptions. Yet, also, no one who looks at the substance of our law will doubt that its habits of mind have been formed at the throne of an ethical deity whose features it is still possible to discern. Lord Abinger, for instance, when he laid down the fellow-servant doctrine, was giving to one branch of the law ideas derived directly from a world the main object of which was to make democracy safe for business men. Anyone who scrutinizes at all carefully the history of the English law of conspiracy will see how its background has always shifted to suit the ethical canons of the day. The Supreme Court of the United States interprets due process of law to mean that an inde-

pendent American working man (long since extinct) confronts an American employer, say the Steel Corporation, upon equal terms. In the background of its majority's mind there are always unconscious ethical assumptions such as the belief that Labor legislation is in general noxious paternalism; and the dissents of Justices Holmes and Brandeis remain to show that the law of any given generation is not cut from the whole cloth. One is tempted, indeed, to suggest to Sir Frederick that legal fallacies about the law are hardly less interesting than lay; and that what is wanted in the Courts is the conscious expression of the social interest they are seeking to serve rather than the unconscious assumption that they are barren of prejudice. Anyone who reads the judgments of the House of Lords in the Osborne case will gain the definite impression that legal science, even in the highest tribunals, cannot divorce itself from the ethos of its time. Law is either a striving after an ethical ideal or it is nothing; for the judges who make it, as Mr. Justice Cardozo has recently shown in a remarkable book, are human beings with the natural impulses of their fellows.

Here, it may be suggested, is the ground for that revival of natural law which, as Sir Frederick Pollock well knows, is a striking feature of Continental jurisprudence. The sense of the disharmony between legal doctrine and social need has led jurists abroad to attempt definitely the remaking of juridical foundations in terms of ethical need. And that, after all, was the main function performed by the Law of Nature until the threshold of modern times. The pity is that the Law of Nature was, as Sir Frederick points out, afterwards influential in matters of commercial law and private international law rather than in jurisprudence as a whole. That Chancery which had been a court of conscience became formalized, until its equity lost its plastic character. Cosmopolitanism was identified with the Law Merchant; and, great as was the work of Stowell and Mansfield, they did not appreciate, as did, for instance, the thinkers of the Counter-Reformation, that the Law of Nature has been one of the really emancipating forces in the history of the world. It did at least set the Courts an ideal towards which to move; and if its object has now moved into the sphere of legislation, that is only, as Sir Henry Maine has taught us, because a new weapon of conscious change has been devised.

These essays, it will be seen, give rise to many reflections. Perhaps the most keenly felt will be that of regret that Sir Frederick Pollock has given to the task of editor talents that might well have founded a great English school of jurisprudence. The day of Austin is past. Historical jurisprudence is still in fashion; but, Maitland apart, it is to-day as it was in the time of Maine, most largely a discipline in conservatism. What we need is such a sociological jurisprudence as that which Dean Pound and Mr. Justice Holmes have been forging for America in the last generation, a conscious effort to fit the forms and doctrines of law to the new social needs that are upon us. It is impossible to read this volume without the sense that Sir Frederick Pollock was the heaven-sent lawyer for that task. Unlike most of his brethren, he is learned in alien systems of jurisprudence. He has a philosophic sense, no less than a practical grasp, of the doctrines he expounds. He can be humorous as well as learned. He is the one English lawyer of eminence to-day whose system would have been a contribution not less to literature than to jurisprudence.

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northward voyage. Not for discovery, not for honor, did she sail; and we may take it that only the green hands on board looked for romance. All were out to earn a living in the most precarious fashion known to man. All hoped, before the summer was over, to kill many seals up Jan Mayen way and take some big black whales in Baffin's Bay. Well, they killed no seals, and barely escaped destruction in the neighborhood of that desolate, most forbidding isle; they took only two black whales before the Arctic, wicked than usual that season, confounded them. But they did discover the Hell that lies below Zero, and deserved the honors we give to our fellows who simply and greatly endure. I have only sniffed, so to speak, the Arctic, from the edge of the Greenland ice, and at the end of August. There had been a light fall of snow, the first threat of winter. A grey mist moved over the white plain, borne on a breeze charged with bitterness from the beyond. A berg, no longer yielding to the sun and lovely dissolution, loomed a ghostly figure of ruin in the dusk. And ever the swell heaving against the brink made the dreariest sound in the world. A very mild experience it was, yet one quickening to the imagination at the time, and to the understanding of a book such as this, read long after in an easy-chair before the fire.

Many tales have been written of those old whaling days in Davis Straits and beyond; but I have read none that has brought the Arctic, in its beauty and blight, so close to me as this unembroidered journal of the fine Quaker gentleman who was surgeon on the "Diana," more than fifty years ago. The words are still warm, though many were painfully set down in pencil, since the ink had gone solid. They are warm, I think, because of the warm-hearted, God-fearing man who wrote them, sometimes while death screamed aloft and thundered below—yes, and lurked, silent, sullen, within the ship itself; warm, yet they convey a shuddering sense of the horrors of that winter in the Arctic. It was a notably bad season for all ships up there, but the "Diana" had more than her share of ill-luck. If any sweet little cherub was sitting up aloft when she left Hull, he was surely blown away off Jan Mayen, or, at any rate, frozen stiff in Melville Bay, in which sinister place the "Diana," after a heavy storm, found herself a solitary ship, with a few days' coal for her paltry 30 h.p. engines, and six or seven hundred miles of ice between her and the open sea.

Impossible! Yet they strove to find a way out. All their hope hung on the wind—and the wind played with their hope and finally broke it. As a last resort Captain Gravill thrust his ship into the ice-pack, so that, if not crushed, she should drift south embedded therein. A six months' journey to the open, and they had provisions for ten weeks! Something to face—was it not?—for those fifty men on a ship beset by perils day and night; the season of long darkness at hand; the cold biting deeper and deeper; all animal and bird life fleeing south from the frigid wrath to come. No occupation was there save weary spells of pumping, or when the cracking of timbers sent them scrambling to the ice with their poor store of gear and goods. For lack of fuel the walls and roofs of the cabins became glazed with ice, and every night was a misery.

The Captain, a dear old fellow, full of yarns, had been ailing, and towards Christmas collapsed. Here is a picture of Christmas Eve:—

"About 2 p.m. there was some heavy pressure upon the ship, and all hands were called to prepare for the worst. On going into the cabin, it was evident the poor old captain had heard the groaning of the timbers . . . a great change had taken place for the worse. The mate told him he must be dressed in readiness for going upon the ice. . . . He kept grasping my hand convulsively, as though wishful for human sympathy in his extremity, whilst the ship was groaning, quaking, and writhing, and the boards of the cabin deck jumping under our feet."

Yet the ship survived. The Captain died on the day after Christmas.

Then—scurvy. In the sea-stories of our boyhood the word was familiar; we guessed it meant something rather horrid. The surgeon of the "Diana" realized how devilishly horrid. He did all a man could do for the sufferers, cheering them while fighting down his own despair, for the ship held nothing with which to combat the disease.

It was not fear, though no man was unafraid, that at last broke the courage of that ship's company—or nearly all of it. Bodily weakness and sheer distress of mind brought

down one sturdy spirit after another. A time came when the daily prayer-meeting was abandoned. Some of those who had led in the devotions blasphemed openly. Friends hated one another. Men cried in their abject wretchedness, fainted, stumbled, and lay where they fell. To such desperation were they come in the toils of the Arctic. But for Surgeon Smith, who worked (at anything and everything)—and prayed—without ceasing, the mate, and one or two others, the tragedy would have been complete.

The "Diana" was delivered from the ice in March, 1867, and these last pages of the journal, which ends with the deliverance, so palpitant with hope and fear as to be truly thrilling. Of the thirteen men who died, several passed within sight of their homes in the Shetlands. This is more than a record of strange and terrible happenings relieved by bright descriptions and glints of humor: it is the unself-conscious disclosure of a steadfast faith, a noble effort, an unflinching brotherly love—the memorial of a good man. "We should have perished without him," declared one of the survivors. So I respectfully salute the memory of Charles Edward Smith, and thank his son for having laid open his journal to all.

J. J. B.

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The problem of paramount importance for Sir Lynden, as in some sense for all of us, is that of increased productivity. But, though he tries to be fair to the workers, recognizing social justice in their demands for security against unemployment, a voice in the control of industry, and a better share in the product, he fails to get far with his remedies because of his one-sided explanation of low productivity. This defect stands out most plainly on p. 291, where he cites four means of increasing productivity, and holds Labor alone responsible for failure in their application. The central trouble everywhere is Labor's 'ca' canny restriction of output, and impediments in the use of machinery and other labor-saving methods. How utterly unreasonable this policy appears! For has it not been proved by Professor Bowley, Mr. Mallock, and others, that on the basis of existing incomes there is hardly any surplus-profit that could possibly be diverted into wages? If these truths could only be brought home to the workers, they would see that their only hope of improving their standard lay in working harder, and not advancing impossible claims! But what Sir Lynden habitually fails to recognize is that the "ca' canny" and restriction of output on the part of employers is a far graver cause of low productivity than the corresponding action of Labor. The volume of evidence attesting the failure of most great businesses to adopt the best up-to-date machinery and methods of production, and the best organization for manufacture and marketing, is overwhelming testimony to their incompetence. Most of this failure is sheer slacking and culpable ignorance on the part of "Capital." Apart from this, we find over an increasing area of production and distribution, transport, and finance, a planned restriction of output in order to hold up prices, and take it out of the consumer—the very vices which Sir Lynden imputes exclusively to Labor. Labor is not quite so unreasonable as it seems when it refuses to take a No to its demands for higher pay, on the ground that profits are insufficient to meet the demand.

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"The whole problem in arriving at a fair wage is to determine at what point, if any, between the existing Trade Union minimum and the employers' maximum the wage ought to be fixed in justice to the workers, employers, and the public."

Unfortunately, he cannot designate this point, "if any," and, failing to do so, he leaves the matter still to the arbitrament of economic force; for compulsory settlement by the State, or any outside authority, he rules out. The most useful section of his book is that setting out in some detail the different heads of the Government Labor policy during and since the war.

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ANGELS when they flew were recognized, and joy and the past have much in common. Man is at the mercy of a mysterious enchantment. Even unhappy experience, once gone, enters into the care of his affections; past happiness often becomes so desperately sweet a dream that it turns to sorrow. His memory sees the hour that brought him to this or that farewell in vivid detail and intense significance. In a little poem by the Tennyson that was, which the Tennyson of after days suppressed; the tone of the mysterious enchantment was echoed:—

"By a mossed brook-bank near a stone,
I spied a wild-weed flower alone,
There was a ringing in mine ears
And both my eyes gushed out with tears;
Surely all pleasant things had gone before. . . ."

With many of our poets, in time this mood becomes more or less of an outlook. Poetry, that had been itself their exceeding great reward, then appears to them a thing of the past, and in a direct adieu or in a sort of threnody over their lost selves or their lost generation they begin to take their leave. One thinks of Scott in 1822, with his frank abdication:—

"Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast decoy'd me. . . ."

Coleridge's lamentation from Highgate Hill, where he sat

"Like a lone Arab, old and blind,
Some caravan had left behind,"

his "Youth and Age," lives in a sad radiance yet. Wordsworth wrote an "Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg," some few years after these latest verses of Coleridge's, in his finest power. The glory had departed:—

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

And Tennyson summoned up all his native ease and strength when he put out to sea.

So it is with poets—and others, had they the expression. They feel within themselves the time for their saying good-bye. It is not, necessarily, that their inspiration has altogether gone, and certainly not that the hand has lost its cunning; but the tranquil evening comes. When, then, they offer their last tribute to the power that impelled and sustained them, they gather up their best; they look back, and catch the earliest fires at which their spirits kindled; they look forward, and the sunset gleams upon them. If it

is farewell, it is often an utterance of the swiftest and loveliest chords. Once again, but this once—

"The innocent idolatry and love,
Paying thee worship in each secret nook,
That fancied friends in tree, and flower, and brook,
Shaped clouds to angels, and beheld them smile,
And heard commending tongues in every wind,"

is at its zenith

Mr. Housman, who shares with Mr. Ralph Hodgson the rare characteristic of publishing as little as William Collins, has now come to the conclusion that his poetical days are over. The note at the beginning of his book tells us that this is his judgment. A quarter of the collection "belongs to the April of the present year," a date which might seem to give us hope of something more, even now; but he also says that if the fine frenzy beset him again as it did in 1895, he could not "well sustain it." Occasion, indeed, smiles upon a second leave; and if Mr. Housman's title should happily prove inaccurate, occasion would not fail him. But the signs of his new volume are against it. He, too, has performed the last noble ceremony of farewell to the Muse.

Nothing could be more fitting than that the last poem should be "the best and the last." Mr. Housman, by way of prelude to his volume, prints a song which had its germ in de Banville's "Nous n'irons plus au bois." Then he guides us like his own "delightful guide" in the "Shropshire Lad" to all the nooks and coigns of vantage in the countryside which he so long since made his own, and among the lads and lasses, the soldiers and sinners and sweethearts, that haunt those fairs and those fields. Then at the close of the revisitation, vivid as, we noted, the moments before the parting of the ways are apt to be, he prepares us for his resignation of the English Tempe. He shows the kingdom that he leaves—to what successor?—

"Where over elmy plains the highway
Would mount the hills and shine,
And full of shade the pillared forest
Would murmur and be mine."

That done, he has one duty left to pay, and that is "Fancy's Knell." This is the poem which we have called "the best and the last." To say anything about its perfection of form and cadence is to presume; the sunset clouds might as well be subjected to analytical praise. We linger, with the fondness of humankind for what is gone, over Mr. Housman's sunset:—

"Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade."

"The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I."

Mr. Housman's sunset is a shining one; the flute seems playing almost a merry tune. It is the "almost" which is the greatness of the piece. A long while ago it is that, according to Dante, Francesca da Rimini was asked how Love first revealed itself to her and Paolo. She answered:—

"... Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria, e ciò sa il tuo dottore."

The Master who knew this was Virgil. What Virgil knew, Mr. Housman knows.

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side, as it were, expressing in terms of happiness, beauty, and tranquillity what before had been revealed principally through terror and evil. How strange it is to learn at last the origin of some of those appalling tales! Never could we have guessed it from their content:—

"I have told, I think, how I was confronted suddenly and for the first time with the awe and solemnity and mystery of the valley of the Usk, and of the house called Bartholly hanging solitary between the deep forest and the winding eses of the river. This spectacle remained in my heart for years, and at last I transliterated it, clumsily enough, in the story of 'The Great God Pan,' which, as a friendly critic once said, does at least make one believe in the devil. . . . Here, of course, was my real failure; I translated awe, at worst awfulness, into evil."

And again (describing his wanderings, as a boy of twenty, in the outskirts of London), he writes:—

"I would pass over these dismal regions and come, as I thought, into the fair open country, and then suddenly at the turn of the lane I would be confronted by red ranks of brand-new villas; this might be Harlesden or the outposts of Willesden."

But from these villas, the sudden shock of their ugliness, grew the story of "The Inmost Light":—

"The man in my story, resting in green fields, looked up and saw a face that chilled his blood gazing at him from the back of one of those red houses that once had frightened me. . . ."

And this same alchemical process, we gather, has been carried out in each of the other tales. The reader, his imagination quickened by such hints, will have little difficulty in discovering for himself the germs of certain scenes in the later books—in "The Hill of Dreams," and in "The Secret Glory." We see now how personal these fantasies really are, though, in its superficial showing, in its actual happenings, nothing could be less fantastic than Mr. Machen's life. His adventures are all adventures of the imagination. The son, the only child, of a country parson, his boyhood, though he went to school, was passed in solitude; and when, at the age of twenty or so, he set out to seek his fortune in London, that fortune did not include the discovery of friends:—

"For many weeks at a time I never spoke to any human being, save to my pupils on Euclid and Caesar . . . and being born, I believe, with at least the usual instincts of human fellowship, this silence seared my spirit; to the interior sense I must have shown as something burnt and blasted with ice-winds and fires. Indeed, when I was released from this life in the manner that I have described, I came out, as it were, a prisoner from the black pit of his dungeon, all confused, trembling, and afraid, scarce able to bear the light of genial affection. For a long while I spoke but little, and then with difficulty; I was fast losing the habit of speech."

It is remarkable, if we consider what this means, that "Far-Off Things" should be so free from bitterness. The whole record is a record of loneliness, and yet, in childhood and boyhood at least, from the dark soil of that loneliness there sprang the flower of joy. To us it is a little hard to grasp. We believe it, but the secret of its transmutation into such things of horror and ecstasy as "The White People" still eludes us. We know that Mr. Machen loved his world, but we know it only from this book, in which, indeed, he pays it a most generous compliment:—

"I shall always esteem it as the greatest piece of fortune that has fallen to me, that I was born in the heart of Gwent. . . . For the older I grow the more firmly am I convinced that anything which I may have accomplished in literature is due to the fact that when my eyes were first opened in earliest childhood they had before them the vision of an enchanted land."

Well, this may be true, but one cannot help feeling that (taken in conjunction with the other circumstances of Mr. Machen's life) it may also, in some measure, explain the limitations of his talent. The bright light of those visions he gazed on so ardently in boyhood did, in fact, to a certain degree, dazzle and blind him. If, in his work, he had tried only to give expression to such vision, this perhaps would not have mattered; but his aim has not been single. His hatred of the ordinary, of the humdrum, of the commonplace, flames up as uncontrollably as his love of beauty and romance; and when, in "The Hill of Dreams," for instance, he tries to

create a background of this ordinary world, he is invariably unjust to it, producing a kind of mystic caricature, crude, glaring, exaggerated, and unreal as a nightmare. And it is because "Far-Off Things" has been inspired by a single emotion, has been conceived and carried out wholly in the spirit of love, that, as a work of art, it is superior to the longer novels. In "The Secret Glory," even in "The Hill of Dreams," there was an unfortunate clashing of moods, the atmosphere of spiritual romance was broken harshly ever and again by a savage and rather clumsy satire, utterly out of place in work of that kind. In "The Hill of Dreams" we merely held our breath and hurried on; in "The Secret Glory" these outbursts were more disastrous; the spell, once broken, was never renewed. Therefore we welcome the unity of tone, the harmony of mood, which makes this autobiography so attractive. If we have a regret, it is that Mr. Machen has given us a sketch rather than a portrait.

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Perhaps we have not bothered to notice whether there is still a generation that roasts its yams (looking very like potatoes) in the ashes of a bonfire, and quells the outcries of its weaker members with promises of being allowed to sit up and enjoy one's rightful yam ration after the show. But we must be dimly aware that in dark, out-of-the-way places of the earth, in the Congo everglades and certain Pacific islets whose only break with the Stone Age is that their outlines are on the charts, the Anthropophagi are more than a legend. Not in Fiji though, which, if we are to believe Mr. Brewster, has become since his departure a really civilized place; in other words, a mix-up of long-distance telephones, labor problems, air mails, Ford cars, and easy divorces. Half-a-century and more ago, when this venerable retired Commissioner was *puer gracilis*, a young cadet in a young service, none among the aborigines bar the babies-in-arms but were cannibals to a man. Not so far-off neighbors in the New Hebrides, if we are to believe another witness, Mr. Martin Johnson, are anthropophagous still. Nor do we suspect Mr. Johnson of pulling our legs, though on a comparison of methods we happen to prefer Mr. Brewster's. (Having made a life-long study of the Fijians, and worked hard for forty years for and among them, he

has superadded to the offices of guide, philosopher, and friend those of father-confessor and historian.) He grasps the nettle of cannibalism firmly, but delicately withal, runs its origins to earth, and shows it for what it is, or was. Europe and Asia have no prerogative in famines, and they were starving and desperate Fijians who, seeing all life in their world threatened with extinction, turned upon and devoured each other. Before that "profound peace prevailed in our land, we were religious and did not go to war"; so runs the testimony of "an old man, and the son of a very old man, entitled to speak of olden times." Mr. Johnson is not interested in psychology. A pioneer in the cinematograph business, he sees in cannibalism nothing but a heaven-sent "stunt," and conducts his quest for its evidences with the monomaniac tenacity of a Fleet Street journalist on the blood-trail. True, he "gets the story," and his 200 artless pages wind up with a pean of self-congratulation that the circumstances may have warranted:—

"My boys sprang into the clearing. I, with my camera on my shoulder, was just behind them. When I came up to them, they were standing by the fire, looking at the only remnant of the feast that was left on the embers. It was a charred human head, with rolled leaves plugging the eye-sockets.

"I had proved what I set out to prove—that cannibalism is still practised in the South Seas. I was so happy that I yelled."

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"Oh! dead is Mr. Baker,
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And they ate him, boots and all."

The district is still under something of a cloud, even after all these years. The memorial and its accompanying grant of land are evidences of a genuine regret for past backslidings, but local patriotism resents hotly the accusation of having eaten the boots.

But whatever the sins of their ancestors, the Fijians of these days seem to be delightful people, contact with the whites having served, curiously, to bring out rather than banish their essential charm. Perhaps, in overmuch of a hurry to become "civilized," they have jettisoned, like most primitive races, many things the ethnologist and the antiquary would fain have preserved. At least, we can thank Mr. Brewster for rescuing and preserving much curious and already half-forgotten lore that, but for his industry, would have whistled down the wind. Many charming fashions and beliefs survive, however, including a cult of fairies and real Kingsley water-babies, and an instinctive fondness for *tambua*, the whale's tooth mascots that all sexes and ages regard very much as a girl does her dolls:—

"They like to take them out, admire and talk about their beauty. They keep them in a special basket, and place a symmetrically shaped pebble in it. The latter is called *Tinai ni Tambua*, or the mother of the whales' teeth. They are lonely if left to themselves, and will cry, especially at night, so they are provided with a mother to hush and comfort them."

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right on.' I went along till I came to a large village surrounded by high walls like the looking-glasses of the *avalangi*, and there at a gate sat a man in white clothes with a great big book before him and in his hand a pen of gold. He asked me what I had come for, and I said I wanted to go to Heaven. He questioned me: 'Have you always been a faithful wife?' I said I had. Then he looked in the book and said: 'What is this I see? Hell fire is your portion.'"

Perhaps the lady had not been too candid. In any case the rest of her story is too long to quote, but includes a vivid description of the torments of Hell, of which a sufficient glimpse was allowed her, followed by the injunction to go home and tell her family all about it, "*and be back here on Thursday.*" And back on Thursday she was.

One can look in vain for such engaging narratives in Mr. Johnson's somewhat blatant account of his doings among the islands of the New Hebrides, which seem, on this writer's showing, to be a funny place to think of taking one's wife to, whatever the motive for the visit, in this case frankly commercial. Tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's physical courage on this adventure cannot be withheld, and one hopes the film rights provided ample recompense. There are more risks than first strike the eye in such work. You may take a superb picture of man-eating savages, only to find that a nice-minded American public insists on trousers with its cannibals, whereupon you can either cut your losses or plod back to your hunting-grounds armed with the apparatus of graft and the services of a diplomatic interpreter.

Mr. White's account of the Mawken, or sea gypsies of the Mergui Archipelago, is in a different *genre*. As a missionary attached at one time to the Rangoon diocese, the writer interested himself in the lot of this depressed and little-known people, made a point of seeking them out in their remote haunts and spending as long a period as possible in their company at regular intervals, of learning their language, and reducing it to script for the first time in history. He tried the experiment of attaching a small contingent of Mawken to his own retinue in Moulmein and teaching them civilized ways, and found them extremely adaptable and intelligent. Mr. White touches only lightly on Mawken folk-lore, but so much as is collected in his book seems to promise interesting results for any student who cares to pursue his inquiries diligently among the tribe. Their habitat is so remote, scattered, and difficult of access, however, that it is to be feared the Mawken may have forgotten all about their last benefactor before Mr. White's successor turns up to take over his job.

NEW NOVELS.

The Wedgwood Medallion. By E. B. C. JONES. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

Secret Harvest. By DOROTHY PERCIVAL. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Genevra's Money. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Variety. By SARAH GRAND. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Mapp. By E. F. BENSON. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

LIKE "Quiet Interior," "The Wedgwood Medallion" is a study of middle-class family relationships, five young men with a foolish father of three of them, on the one hand, and three young women with a wise mother, on the other. Miss Jones is attracted towards checks and balances in the human equation, and no living woman novelist is a better hand at suggesting a world of light through chinks, at evoking a subdued play of ideals and attitudes rather than character, behind the normal talk and intercourse between thoughtful and quiet-living people. This book is a little shadowy both in theme and personality, because the men are (frankly) dull, for all their intellectual powers, and mere foils to the only two characters who have bite in them: Sophie, the betrothed of Denis Ash, who bears a blind and bottled-up resentment towards his three cousins for the disharmony between one of them and his impossible sister Enid, who is married to this cousin, and Enid herself. Enid is very much a super in the action of the drama, and yet pervades and discolours rather than poisons it, much as Sophie herself, with her

freedom of vision, devotion, fearlessness, and mental realities combined with tenderness, charges and leavens it with her vital spark. Without these two women, one nearly always on the stage and the other nearly always off, the interplay of suggestion would be delicate to attenuation, and, as it is, there is a certain unreality in the determined concealment of the situation between Nicholas and Enid by the young men from their father, simply to protect the latter's fond illusions. Yet, in a way, the air of gentle sadness, the sense of the vanity of combating rule-of-thumb prejudice, everything that builds the world of hard-and-fast and cut-and-dried—which leaves Nicholas and his brother to make the best or the worst of it and loses Sophie her lover—suit a book in which human passions speak in undertones, and souls, breathing a finer essence than the coarser elements which surround them, seem to wander palely and lost. Such refinements are the native quality of Miss Jones's rare and dexterous art.

There is not a great deal to "Secret Harvest," but it is a novel impressed with a firm and sincere touch. It is a picture of farm-life in the Cotswolds, with a difficult pseudo-elder son who is what he is because his mother was caught by a drunken German officer in a Belgian town. Miss Percival thinks a lot of heredity, or she would scarcely have thought of such a device, where there was no need for one at all. Members of a family may differ in qualities and mind without thereby ceasing to be members of the family. But we suspect that it is more tradition than heredity which preoccupies the author and limits her freedom. There is no established virtue in solidity, inarticulateness, and mental inertia (the prominent endowment of the second and real son), nor are imaginativeness and sensibility (two qualities of the erring Felix) the invariable accompaniment of moral bluntness and instability. This is the public-school attitude to life, and a hundred years ago it called Shelley a bounder and a lunatic. It is still the voice of the angels of patriotism. But in fairness to Miss Percival it must be allowed that, although she dopes the ingredients against Felix, she turns out a solid mould in the end. The country scenes have real character.

It is easy to see why Mr. Lucas, with his literary tastes and powers, is as popular a novelist as a popular novelist. His literature gives him great skill, a certain quality of detachment, ingenuity of invention, grace, whimsicality, knowledge and the way to use it, and a capacity for wrinkling the surface of life into entertaining and daring, but not audacious, patterns. All these delightful characteristics his novels turn over to the service of an orthodox and comfortable good nature. "Genevra's Money," which relates the adventures of her widower among her innumerable nephews and nieces in search of a worthy and fitting beneficiary for her money, is one expanding and enveloping Beam. It is as disarming as the golden mists of a St. Martin's Summer, irradiating barrenness, softening harsh outlines, and garmenting decay in delicate fabrics of softest tissue. In fiction, Mr. Lucas is a sentimentalist who is clever and charming enough to keep it dark—or light.

There is no more against a novelist making a good short-story writer than a writer of short stories making a good novelist. But Sarah Grand's methods of composing large canvases, leisurely and voluminously filled in, and with definitions she makes sure we shall not fail to comprehend, do not stand the short stories in "Variety" in good stead. The variety scarcely goes beyond the third, and the ghost stories are so elaborated that they have no point, while the others are so elaborated that they have too much. One peculiarity, again, is unfailingly present. The impression at the end of each tale is that the author is a gentlewoman; bishops, generals, notables, and dignitaries are her relations. It makes the present reviewer feel like one who has strolled into the Guards' Club by mistake.

Mr. Benson's manner needs no description, while the character and contents of "Miss Mapp" are obligingly revealed on the wrapper: "Clever, amusing, E. F. Benson's new novel is a chronicle of the doings of a group of women and men in a seaside township. Of this group, Miss Mapp is the dominating personality. Not too *passée*, she has set her mind on one day marrying one Major Flint, retired. The reader is carried along easily; it all makes entertaining reading, true to life as lived by the comfortably placed human beings in an English township." That is all.

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THE ATHENÆUM



No. 4828.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

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The World of Books.

MR. W. H. DAVIES, in a delightful introduction to his new selection of twentieth-century lyrics, makes the complaint that many of our poets "seem to lead easy and placid lives" without having any burning emotions and sympathies to make them great as men:—"Most of these poets are teetotalers, I believe, and lack the sympathy and generosity of men that drink. Christ, to perform a miracle worthy of our greatest wonder, did not turn water into tea, coffee, or cocoa, but into wine!" Our poets, according to Mr. Davies, are "a wat'ry tribe," but if that be true of the builders of words, what of the words themselves?

* * *

WORDS are not unlike people, both in character and fortune; they are humble or proud, gracious or ill-favored (the word "squint," for instance, is like a character in Dickens), faithful or treacherous, pompous or easy-going, dour or volatile, good or bad, and, like people, they have their ups and downs. This week I am preoccupied with the seamy side of them. Our English words are an ancient and glorified race, and yet it strikes me how frail they are and what a way they have of getting into low company. It alarms me to find so many of our words changed from wine into barley-water, or become invalid or mean-spirited, and the deterioration seems to indicate a decline of England more significantly than other more advertised causes. There seems no end to the vanities and inconstancies of words; the word "client," for instance, is such a turncoat, that from meaning, with its Roman derivation, one who obeys, it has come to signify one who gives the order—a microcosm of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The word "stay" once stood for permanence; it now expresses transience; and "naughty," a well-fleshed word with backbone in it, has withered into triviality and is but one step from its origin. "Palmy," "tawdry," and "silly" are words which either in themselves or their meaning have fallen into contempt, and the first, which was good enough for Shakespeare—"in the most high and palmy state of Rome"—and meant simply "full-grown," from the palms of a stag's tines, has now got down to the suburbs of language. "Tawdry" is a corruption of St. Audrey, tawdry lace being sold at St. Audrey's fair in the Isle of Ely. "Gossip" was once a most respectable word; no slander could attach to a sponsor in baptism. "Silly," is the tribute virtue has had to pay to vice, for it once

described a state of happy simplicity. How is the word "burger" fallen on evil days! It is a history of civilization, not to mention of the mutability of things, and now, to express our disdain for this emblem of solidity, we have denationalized it, and the word "bourgeois" is to "burger" what "influenza" is to "influence."

* * *

You never know where to have your word, and if you speak of somebody as "a sad dog," you mean he is a gay dog. "Nice" used to be an alternative to "particular"; to-day it means nothing in particular. And poor "rude," once so romantic and barbaric and wild and Esau-like; in our generation it can but put out its tongue! "Smart" has so come down in the world that it is almost equivalent to "vulgar," and "vulgar" itself does not now remind us of John Ball and Piers Ploughman, though we dare to call ourselves a democracy. The fact that we have demoralized the word "plain," which Milton uses in its just and true sense, into a synonym for "ugly," shows that we were made in Birmingham; and the word "sentiment" into mere futility, proves how dull and prosaic we have become. The nation that ridicules feeling is nothing but heathen. And how words have lost their innocence in this hard and crafty world! The word "cunning" is a parable in itself—a speaking witness to the spite of ignorance. And "lover" and "mistress"—"O mistress mine, where art thou roaming?" the loveliest line in English, except the others that will occur to the reader. What depravity is it in us which drags words like these through the gutter? So cowardly we are too. We daren't touch "love," but we throw mud at "one who loves." And if we don't spare women, neither do we children, for "booby" and "knave" once meant just "boy," just as "villain" used to be a harmless sub-tenant. It is plain to me when the word "genteel," once guilelessly expressing its appreciation for a person of refined, delicate and fastidious temper, gets a modern knighthood, that the song the Sirens sing for people like us is "The Little Grey Home in the West."

* * *

I USED to think that the word "eager" was a sign of grace, an exception to the general rule of decadence. But I am not so sure. "Eager" used to mean "sour" (*aigre*), and the Ghost in "Hamlet" says, "And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood." Is it an incorrigibly lazy-thinking people which finds alertness distasteful to it? Take the word "clever," which used to mean what it said. But when Lord Grey and Mr. Bonar Law call their fellow-politicians "clever," is admiration their tune? I fear not; they mean foxy, unscrupulous, "alim" (another innocent gone to the bad), and something rather like fraudulent and dishonest. And when a reader calls an author "clever," we all know what that spells—literary damnation. An industrial people to whom art is a luxury, and sentiment a weakness, and plainness an ugliness, will not stick at elevating dullness into a virtue.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

IRELAND AS A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

AN American who has been over here lately has described Ireland as an open-air lunatic asylum. After a journey from Dublin to Kerry, which, though the distance is less than two hundred miles, occupied two whole days, I find myself in complete agreement with him.

As far as Limerick Junction the journey, if not signalized by any undue haste, was, on the other hand, devoid of unusual incident. Arriving an hour and a half late, we dallied for another hour in the station, while the officials made up their minds whether they would proceed any further or not. Ultimately, after changing into another train, we set off at a crawl for Buttevant over temporarily restored bridges and railway lines, which are torn up in the night, relaid every few days, only to be torn up again on the following night; the damage perpetrated by the Republicans being encouraged, if not actually inspired, by enterprising car-drivers, who are making colossal fortunes conveying passengers and their luggage from one station to the next, and who at Buttevant were waiting in massed formation to fall upon us. The train being unable to proceed any further owing to the destruction of a bridge, we had no choice but to transfer ourselves to a jaunting car, and to drive the seven miles to Mallow behind a decrepit horse in a drenching mist.

At no time a hive of activity, Mallow, the junction connecting all the lines in the South of Ireland, presents to-day a lamentable spectacle of decay. The magnificent ten-arch bridge across the Blackwater has been blown to pieces, a work of malign ingenuity ascribed to Erskine Childers assisted by an engineer from Krupp's. The dingy hotel where we spent the dismal night is situated in the main street of the town amidst the crumbling ruins of such civilization as remained after last year's burning by the Black-and-Tans, followed by the bombs and bullets of the Free Staters and Republicans, whose favorite battle-ground it seems to have since been. The windows of the coffee-room were riddled with bullet holes; the floor was carpeted in crumbs; two commercial travellers, with pained expressions on their faces, lay in profound slumber on the only two arm-chairs in the room; on an ink-stained writing table a "Strand Magazine" of 1899 served as literary link between Mallow and the outer world.

After a night of indescribable discomfort, the next morning dawned, if anything, somewhat wetter than the preceding day. After breakfast, we started in a hired motor, the driver of which, we were given in confidence to understand, was an Ulster man who had deserted from the British Army, been discharged from the Republican, and was about to offer his services to the Free State; a military record which inspired us with complete confidence in the resourcefulness of his character. Avoiding the main roads, which for several weeks have been completely blocked, we arrived by a circuitous route over a mountain at Millstreet, where our inquiries for the road to Killarney were met with derisive shrieks.

"If you can lepp and you can swim you may perhaps get there; not otherwise," we were told. "Every bridge is down and every road is blocked since the fighting on Sunday."

Conscious of proficiency both in "lepping" and swimming, we pushed undaunted on our way; running almost immediately into a flying column of Free State troops, who stopped us and demanded the driver's permit. They were covered with mud, weary and war-worn, having been fighting for two days.

"You will meet Irregulars further on," said the officer. "As you are only ladies they may not take your car; if you had men with you they would certainly do so."

Bidding him good-bye, we charged with thrilled expectancy into the war zone, an old man who sub-

sequently directed us adding to our growing excitement by informing us that the "Free Staters" had "gone back" and the "Publicans" were on ahead.

Whether the latter were engaged in burying their dead, the number of which, according to the Free Staters, was almost past calculation, or whether we drove through them, concealed behind the hedges, we never discovered. The disappointing fact remained, we never saw even one member of the phantom army, in whose track we were supposed to be following.

"Are you all mad here?" I inquired of a group of men we next came upon, contemplating a gaping void in the middle of a village street, in front of which the car suddenly pulled up, only just in time to prevent our taking a wild leap into the river swirling in the precipitous depths beneath.

"More than half of us," was the cheerful reply, as a couple (presumably of the sane section) advanced with advice and directions to the driver, whom they conducted down a muddy declivity leading to the river, into which the car plunged, while we crawled, clinging to the parapet, over a narrow footway on to the other side.

When nearly across, the engine of the car, which had been gradually getting into deeper water, suddenly stopped. Our hearts sank. Complete silence fell on the spectators for a moment; after which the entire population of the village, sane and insane, rushed to the rescue, throwing down stones and eventually hauling the car into shallower water, where the engine was restarted.

Having regained the road, we next found ourselves up against a gigantic tree, prostrate across our path, its branches sawn in such a fashion as to form snags, between and underneath which it did not seem possible for any vehicle to pass. But our motor-driver came up to our expectations in the matter of ingenuity, and by lowering the wind-screen and keeping his head to the level of the steering-wheel, advancing and reversing every few inches, the car emerged triumphantly, after a good quarter of an hour's manœuvring, on the other side. It was the first of many similar obstructions, some of which we struggled under, some of which we squeezed our way round, and others which we avoided altogether by turning in at the gates of private demesnes and bumping our way through farmyards, the walls of which had been pulled down by cars preceding us: experiences so unnerving that at Killarney the driver dumped our luggage down in the middle of the street and bade us a polite but firm farewell.

At the local garages all requests for a car to continue our journey in proved useless. Only by aeroplane, we were told, could anybody hope to arrive at Killorglin; "every bridge is down, and over a hundred trees and all the telegraph posts and the wires twisted in and about and around them."

After over an hour spent in frantic appeals, the owner of a horse and car was finally prevailed upon to undertake the eighteen-mile drive in consideration for a sum exceeding the first-class railway fare to Dublin.

For the first few miles we made our way through Lord Kenmare's demesne, over the grass, down on the shore of the lake, where the horse had to be led between the rocks and where the wheels of the car sank deep into the sand and gravel. After being almost bogged in a *bohereen* leading into another demesne, which we drove through, we proceeded for about a mile on a side road, when we encountered a broken bridge. A precipitous descent into a wood, across the river, over a field into a lane, on for a mile or two over trenches, getting off the car every five minutes, occasionally having to take the horse out and drag it over felled trees and down into ditches; and then the most formidable river we had yet met, with, on the opposite shore, an insurmountable bank topped with a barbed-wire fence. Seeing no possibility of manœuvring this, we drove to a cottage, where a young woman came out and directed us.

"Drive down the bank by the bridge and go under the farthest arch, and then drive down in the river for

a bit till you come to a slope in the bank, and you'll see a way up on the other side."

An old man came out of the cottage and offered to come with us. I walked with him, while the horse and the car started down the river. We talked the usual platitudes, when suddenly, seizing me by the arm, he exclaimed, "Oh, God, aren't the times terrible!"

"Indeed they are," I replied fervently.

He broke into sobs. "Oh, God!" he cried; "oh, God! my only son, he's on the run, and if they get him they'll shoot him. . . . I can't shtop talking of it. . . . That young girl you saw just now, she's my daughter. She's come all the way from England to mind me, but sure, nobody can mind me now. . . . I can't shtop talking, and to-morrow they're taking me to the asylum. . . ."

Looking back, after I had bidden him good-bye and climbed among the broken masonry up the cliff-like side of the tumbled arch, I could see him, still standing by the lonely shore; his rugged, beautiful face distraught with anguish, his hands clasped in mental torture; "Oh, God! oh, God!" echoing in my ears as we drove on in the fading twilight on the deserted road; his tragic figure leaving in one's memory an unforgettable impression of Ireland's madness and despair.

It was dark when finally we arrived at our destination, having taken five hours to accomplish the last eighteen miles. When it is realized that not a single obstruction we encountered after leaving Malloy would have presented the slightest difficulty to a lorryful of soldiers, armed with a few planks and a couple of saws, the imbecility of the tactics of the Irregulars, which merely cause delay and inconvenience to civilians, can hardly be understood. Yet for months past bands of able-bodied youths have been engaged in destroying bridges and blocking roads all over the South with no other result. As soon as one road is cleared by the Free Staters another is being obstructed, a work of devastation which will, presumably, only cease when every tree in the country has been felled and every bridge laid low.

Meanwhile, we are a philosophical and long-suffering race, and if on my journey I endured untold fatigue and discomfort, on the other hand I have added considerably to my knowledge of the geography of my native land, which I now perceive is not a land at all, but a vast waterway consisting of wide and rushing rivers, connected with each other by occasional strips of road and boggy, squashy fields; while if ever I have to face the journey again under existing conditions (which Heaven forbid!), instead of a trunk and a hat-box my luggage will consist of a collapsible boat, a cross-cut saw, and two deal planks, equipment without which no traveller in Ireland should embark on a journey to-day.

E. S. G.

Reviews.

LORD BIRKENHEAD'S FUTURE.

Points of View. By Lord BIRKENHEAD. Two volumes. (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s.)

TEN years ago Lord Birkenhead was the *enfant terrible* of the Tory Party. Men might admire his conspicuous gift of rhetoric; some would find his audacity, an audacity that might be called insolence, engaging and amusing; those who knew him in private said he had great personal charm and that he was a good friend. But nobody thought of him as a person who would count in the history of his party except as a violent and reckless force. He was just Galloper Smith.

To-day his position is very different, and those who turn to his essays will regard his career as marking a stage in the development of politics. A century ago Lord Eldon sat on the Woolsack; on guard for custom, authority, and privilege. The first change came with Peel, who believed

at once in patrician government and industrial liberalism. He broke up his party, and it was gradually put together again and turned into a great political force by his bitter enemy Disraeli. The new leader also believed in patrician government, but he held that the governing class should rule by finding some principle or some sentiment that united all classes. After looking about in different directions, he found this sentiment in Imperialism. His successor, Salisbury, was as unlike Disraeli in temper and outlook as Disraeli was unlike Peel. He was for a sober and quiet life; he had no taste for adventure and no belief in progress, no idea of appealing to mass sentiment; if he was on guard for anything, it was for property. He believed in patrician government based on defence of the absolute rights of property and the avoidance of all disturbing interference with the life of the nation. "Church and Landlord" summed up his policy. Then came the Unionist dilution, and with the advent of Chamberlain the Unionist Party was just as much the party of the great industrial employer as it was the party of the landlord; the last traces of the old quarrel between those two parties disappeared, and it was significant that when Chamberlain introduced Protection, it was to industrial Protection and not agrarian Protection that he tried to rally the nation. Thus Peel, Disraeli, and Chamberlain have all said in turn to the Conservative Party, "You must recognize new facts. You cannot stand simply for old customs, old formulae, old privileges. A Conservative Party is not a party that stands still; it is a party that goes forward, but goes forward knowing what it wants."

The war has changed Galloper Smith into a leader of this kind. His personal history is unlike that of Chamberlain: he comes of the tradition of Church and King, whereas Chamberlain was of Radical Nonconformist stock. But there are certain resemblances between them. When James the Second received a petition from the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Churchmen, he was incensed to find second on the list the name of his free-living nephew, the Duke of Grafton. "You know nothing about religion," he said to him; "and yet, forsooth, you must pretend to have a conscience." "It is true," replied Grafton, "that I have very little conscience, but I belong to a party which has a great deal." We do not suggest that the story illustrates the degree in which either Chamberlain or Lord Birkenhead shared the emotions of Nonconformist or Churchman, emotions which played, on different lines, so great a part in the politics of their parties. But it is undoubtedly true that both contrived to free themselves from the political ties which the atmosphere in which they were brought up encouraged. Chamberlain accepted the Education Bill of 1902, and we have only to turn to the courageous speech on Divorce Reform, printed in these volumes, to see that Lord Birkenhead is not afraid to run counter to the prejudices of the Bishops. Lord Birkenhead is, in one sense, in the tradition of Chamberlain and Disraeli. Men who feel that they can move audiences easily and rapidly, and who are conscious of the kind of personal strength that counts in politics, are much less afraid of a new departure than men who have, with a better judgment and a mind more firmly anchored in knowledge and principle, less of this self-confidence and this sense of power. When Lord Birkenhead decided to vote for the Irish negotiation he took the risk that Peel took in 1846, or that Wellington and Peel had taken in 1829. In his essay on Lord Salisbury (given in "Points of View"), he blames Wellington and Peel for not recognizing, in 1829, that some kind of Parliamentary reform was inevitable, and he holds that, by resisting all Parliamentary reform, they brought their party to confusion. No doubt Lord Birkenhead felt last year that a Conservative Party which could not open its eyes to the facts about Ireland, and still held to the exploded formula of twenty years of resolute government, had no serious future, and that its part in the politics of the next ten years would be rather like the part that fell to Wellington and Peel between 1830 and 1840. His mind once made up, he acted with a courage that gives him, whatever may be thought of his other claims to distinction, an honorable place in the politics of the time.

The issue, so far as he is concerned, and so far as his party is concerned, is still in doubt—as much in doubt as the fortunes of the Peelites and the fortunes of the Tory Party

in 1846. Lord Birkenhead makes it clear in this book that his own inclination is for a Centre Party, and that he would like to modernize the Conservative Party by making it a party which would stand for moderate reforms, as opposed to the demand for sweeping reforms, on the one hand, or the Eldon-like attachment to the past, on the other. What are his difficulties? The first is the character of Mr. Lloyd George. Lord Birkenhead shows himself in these volumes a warm friend. He writes an admirable defence of Kitcheners, and his tributes to Mr. Neil Primrose and others are written with genuine feeling. He has thrown in his lot with Mr. Lloyd George, and whatever happens to the others in his group, it is difficult to think that Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Lloyd George will separate. The other difficulty is that this little group cannot command the confidence that the Peelites attracted as men of peace. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are regarded justly as two of the most dangerous men in politics. Englishmen of all parties turn to Lord Curzon and Mr. Bonar Law with relief, as men less likely to plunge into perilous adventures. Therefore, when Lord Birkenhead pleads for a party of steady reform, he is handicapped by the suspicion in which his group is involved as a group of warlike politicians. If, from one point of view, they are moderate, from another point of view they are extreme. There is a further danger. Carlyle said of Disraeli that he was the champion of the half-dead, avaricious corn lords in their battle with the half-alive, avaricious cotton lords. It does not need very much insight into the life of Mr. Lloyd George's party, or the influences that have surrounded him, to realize that a group composed as this group is composed, may very easily fall into the hands of Big Business—the avaricious men whom nobody would call only half-alive. In that case it is most likely that when the Bonar Law Government breaks down, it will be followed by a Government representing the great interests in which the Lloyd George and Birkenhead group and the more efficient of Bonar Law's Government will combine against the Liberalism of the Left and the Labor Party. And such a Government may find, as the last Government found, that it will have to serve its masters on their own terms.

WHAT IS MORALITY?

A Study in Moral Problems. By B. M. LAING, M.C., M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy, The University, Sheffield. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE impression made by this book is that Professor Laing must have had originally a very definitely academic outlook upon human problems, but that contact with real life—in the war and in Yorkshire industrialism—has been gradually directing his attention towards new sets of facts which university tradition ignores. There is room for the process to go further, and to lead to a less traditional statement of the problems confronting modern moralists than that with which Professor Laing begins:—

"Throughout the following chapters there runs one central problem, and upon it all the arguments converge. It is the problem of the relation between human action and natural law. It is an old one, and one that has been dealt with by eminent thinkers: Kant and Lotze are but two. On account of the development of science with its insistence upon the reign of universal law, it has become in modern times a very important problem, because of its bearing upon moral and social effort. The freedom that is somehow implied in morality has to be reconciled with the rigidity and uniformity that characterize natural law. That problem must be and is here regarded as a fundamental one, because it lies at the basis of all the more specific moral problems like evil, social conflicts, conflicts of values, the instability and uncertainty of moral progress and moral achievement."

There is, however, a question prior to those raised in this passage, and it is one which Professor Laing recognizes, but does not sufficiently discuss. It is the question: Is there, in any objective sense, such a thing as morality or immorality? Or is the conception of morality merely part of the police force by which dominant groups seek to enforce their authority? The combination of psycho-analysis with Marxian political theory has forced this question insistently

upon many people. Psycho-analysis shows that the basis of a passion is by no means always, or even usually, what the patient thinks it is; and Marx suggests that all morality is derived from class interest. This latter view, in its strict economic form, is undoubtedly too narrow; but when we include other groups, national, religious, &c., it becomes far more plausible. Without committing ourselves to this opinion, let us see what could be said for it by an advocate.

In the first place (he would say), if you wish to understand the nature of the moral sentiments, you should study the occasions on which they are most strongly aroused. At the outbreak of the war there was an extraordinary wave of moral sentiment in all the belligerent countries; we felt a moral horror of the Germans because of the invasion of Belgium, and they felt an exactly equal moral horror of us because of our blockade—at any rate, those were the reasons assigned. The "Times" feels moral horror of the Bolsheviks whenever it is proposed that something should be done to diminish the misery in Russia. Anarchists feel moral horror of the tyrants whom they assassinate. Judges are full of moral fervor when they condemn men to be flogged. The C.O.S. is full of moral condemnation of the undeserving poor, and Socialists who advocate confiscation are full of moral condemnation of the undeserving rich.

From these facts, our moral *advocatus diaboli* draws the conclusion that morality is a device for inhibiting our natural sympathies on occasions when we wish to inflict pain, whether from motives of self-preservation, ambition, or sheer cruelty. He will say that sympathy conflicts with egoism, and that morality enables us to camouflage the victory of egoism as really a higher form of sympathy. He will point out that the conception of sin is anterior, historically and anthropologically, to the conception of virtue, and that to this day the occasions when we feel most moral are the occasions when we are administering punishment. He will go on to say that if the moralists really desired a happier world, as they say they do, they would work for the abolition of morality, since, if it were extinct, sympathy would have free play, and men would not torture each other so much as they do. But he would not press this *argumentum ad hominem*, since his position debars him from the tempting conclusion that all moralists are immoral, and that he is moral when he inflicts pain upon them.

There are, of course, answers to this position, whether valid or invalid. But although Professor Laing's first chapter is headed "Grounds for Scepticism in Moral Theory and Practice," we do not find in his pages any argument capable of refuting a moral sceptic. Within its limitations, however, the book has many merits. Against the views which it rejects it gives, as a rule, good grounds; and the views which it advocates are, on almost all points, enlightened and rational. It rejects the view that morality consists mainly of sacrifice:—

"Morality has been interpreted as if it were a Moloch, as if the moral life for ever demanded sacrifices from human beings and the sacrifice of some values for others. Morality has hitherto had this character, but ethical theory has never questioned whether it need have this character or why it does have this character. The result has been that ethics has done little more than endeavor to give a reasoned justification of what the average person's moral beliefs and aspirations are; and in doing so it has accepted all the unquestioned assumptions of the ordinary moral consciousness. Its attitude is analogous to what the attitude of natural science would be if the latter accepted all the popular beliefs regarding natural phenomena, and tried merely to make them systematic."

This is well said. Again, in discussing the theory that the rivalry of States is due to over-population, the author says:—

"The struggle over primary ends between States is due not to the lack of the means of subsistence in these States, but to the need of finding fresh populations to absorb these means of subsistence; and unless fresh markets and fresh consumers are found, the respective States will suffer internally. A mere restriction of population will thus only serve to reduce the numbers of consumers."

It would be easy to criticize this view, which hardly gives the whole truth. At the same time, it is to be observed that Germany had no population problem in the years before the war (the former emigration had ceased); that France has none now; and that China, where the problem is worst, is the least militaristic of great nations. The population

problem is used as an excuse for militarism, but is not a *vera causa*.

The book is good in detail, but would be better if the author's own views were stated more trenchantly and clearly, and if less respect were paid to the ethical doctrines which are traditional in university philosophy.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

G. K. C. IN AMERICA.

What I Saw in America. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

In one of the best of his books Mr. Chesterton remarks that in the "Pictures from Italy" Dickens never moves out of England. His are not travels in Italy, but travels in Dickensland. "He would have seen just as good things in a street in Pimlico, and described them just as well." There is no need to modify this observation in applying it to Mr. Chesterton himself. It fits him exactly. He would never dream of seeking in another country any but the most familiar things. Why should he? What fun can there be in search, what glory in discovery, comparable with the glory and fun of finding in a great new land all those things which, as one has long contended, are the commanding realities of the old? Mr. Chesterton crossed the Atlantic with the twofold and yet simple purpose of lecturing and of finding fresh illustrations for his serial sermon against industrialism and "progress," modernism, eugenics, and other malign inventions of the nineteenth century. The result is a quite effective restatement of the Chesterton philosophy of life and conduct slightly disguised as a record of travel impressions—an entertaining and provocative book.

Mr. Chesterton, some people would say, can miss more pikestaves than almost any other traveller. But after all, there are many things to be seen between New York and the Mississippi, and some few of these he has noted in the manner that is his alone. How, for example, could he fail to expound the romantic significance of the American hotel, the private bathroom, the elevator? He can give you the socio-religious reason for the American habit of doffing the hat in the hotel lift if a woman is present, but keeping it on in the lobby though many women may be there. He can tell you why Americans are increasingly careful about dress and decorum, about their teeth and fingernails. They dress and behave, he says, not as gentlemen but as citizens, citizenship being the special American note. Other Europeans have despised Americans for chewing gum. Mr. Chesterton speculates upon the more perplexing social fact that American men eat the ends of their unlighted cigars. The American who keeps up a hard pretence of hustle is not at all punctual. Because of hustle, Mr. Chesterton suggests, he is not punctilious. He is too full of the pursuit of business to acquire business habits. In England business is generally business; in America it is, as often as not, any affair of irrelevance—lunch, gossip, a committee, or what not. Mr. Chesterton does not remark this; but he does offer an explanation of that puzzling matter, the American attitude towards money, the extraordinary pervasiveness of the word "dollars" in every kind of American conversation and discussion. It is true, as all Europeans say, that Americans talk nearly all the time about money; but, says Mr. Chesterton, this is not because they prize it as the English and French do. They talk about it because, for one thing, they have a great joy in measurement. They care about the details of size. And they talk incessantly about business, while business men in England talk about sport or their gardens. The Englishman, that is, talks of his hobbies because his ideal is not labor but leisure. The American talks of business because his ideal is to make good in his job. We English are slaves of industrialism, but most of us strive to protect a remnant of the inner life from it. America is alone in emphasizing the ideal that lives and strives within the industrial scheme. Salesmanship for the Englishman is a disagreeable necessity, but the American meat salesman's enthusiasm is actually for meat sales. Salesmanship is not only his livelihood; it is his life and art—Mr. Chesterton does not say his religion as well. And hence, no doubt, the essential marvel of the American scene.

And yet Mr. Chesterton is not interested in the American scene. He contrives, indeed, to ignore it in the most surprising fashion. He meets Mr. Henry Ford, but makes no reference to Detroit or to the astounding Ford factory of 100,000 men. He does, however, comment, with fervor and striking inaccuracy, upon Mr. Ford's excursus into anti-Semitism. Still more curious is it that Mr. Chesterton, looking always for more proofs of the gross evils of industrialism, passes them by, although America is bursting with them. He observes, for example, that the semi-Americanized immigrants continue to live in nations. But there he leaves it, not troubling to examine some of those transplanted nationals. Suppose he had thrown only a glance at them—in the textile towns of New England, or the mining centres of Pennsylvania, or the large Polish city that lies within the mayoralty of Buffalo—what a terrific page he might have added, by way of contrast to his light playing around the parallel between negro slavery and industrial serfdom!

Mr. Chesterton's weakness in the realm of fact is notorious and incurable. It was never more flagrantly displayed than here, in respect of matters both small and great. He makes a point about America's fecundity in fancy religions by citing the curious Russian Mennonites as a sect born in the United States. He says there are no smoking carriages on the American trains. This shows simply that he travelled in the Pullman, where the privileged minority consents to smoke in the lavatory, and never even looked at an ordinary train. It is, moreover, quite singular that Mr. Chesterton's factual shakiness should be most apparent when he is on his own peculiar ground. Almost every reader, we suspect, will turn to his chapter on Prohibition, expecting to find it the fruitiest in the volume. It is actually the poorest. Mr. Chesterton reasserts, as he was bound to do, that Prohibition was imposed upon the United States by the millionaires. This is what he held before he left England; and he would not change his belief though a thousand should arise from drunkards' graves and testify to the contrary. As for the notion that the poor man is done out of his drink by the rich man who drinks more than ever—the answer is that Mr. Chesterton did not look into the multiple private enterprise of home-brew, especially among the European immigrants. Most deplorable is it, of course, that evasion should be practised by all classes; but the fact destroys Mr. Chesterton's one "democratic" argument against the dry law.

At his best, as always, Mr. Chesterton says a number of things that are brilliantly right, and some few he seems to us to have said here once for all. One such is his comment on Anglo-American propaganda, especially in reference to Ireland, with its appeals running, in an endless stream of fatuity, dead against American history and character and social habit. In this connection he reminds us that almost the only section of the American public that is entirely sympathetic with England belongs to the Old South; and two years ago our official apologists set out to reinforce this sympathy, which is deeply romantic, by explaining that Sinn Féin resembled their own traditional society, and ought, therefore, to be treated as Sherman treated Georgia!

Upon the society of America as a whole, Mr. Chesterton makes a single broad generalization. All Americans talk of their future as the one thing that is magnificently assured. Our medievalist is impelled to retort that it is precisely about the American future that his own doubt is overpowering. He sees the industrial consolidation of the East and Middle West balanced by the vast spread of the agricultural region. He persuades himself that America has a powerful peasantry, which has preserved its independence and sanity. And yet he cannot see it as possessing the power to create its own artistic and spiritual forms. Its culture—standardized, machine-made, mail-order-packed—it receives from the great cities. Here, not unnaturally, Mr. Chesterton is afraid, is the ever-expanding root of corruption for those prosperous rural communities, transformed as they have been by the Ford car. But he bids the American of the West take heart because, in the Old World everywhere, "peasants and priests and all sorts of practical and sensible people are coming back into power." This is the inevitable conclusion for Mr. Chesterton to arrive at and to proclaim. Our own difficulty is to envisage it as an acceptable evangel for the confident young people of the Great Corn Belt.

—WILHELM'S APOLOGIA.

My Memoirs, 1878-1918. By the ex-Kaiser WILLIAM II. (Cassell. 25s.)

It is a poor, thin affair, this elaboration of self-excuse, offered to the world by the exile at Doorn. Memories that cover forty years and compress themselves into a single, not very lengthy volume, must obviously be rigorously selected. And nothing can be more completely disingenuous than an amalgam of calculated inclusions and calculated omissions. The ex-Kaiser mentions that he is writing without papers or references of any kind. That explanation will not help him. If he had really forgotten what he leaves out, he could never have remembered what he puts in.

Not that the book gives the impression of a sustained and deliberate attempt to mislead. In a measure, Wilhelm seeks to deceive others because he has already deceived himself. His memoirs reveal him as a smaller man than he has hitherto appeared, but he is incapable of seeming small to himself. The divine right of emperors was the basic canon of his faith. "How often," he exclaims, "did my grandfather clearly emphasize that he was but an instrument in the hand of the Lord!" and the implication that the Lord was sagacious enough to avail himself similarly of the talents of a later Hohenzollern is too manifest to be mistaken.

Altogether, this self-portraiture of a weak man struggling with adversity arouses a certain pity. For the ex-Kaiser, after all, meant well. He deceived himself because he took it for granted that whatever an instrument in the hand of the Lord accomplished must represent the fulfilment of a Divine intention. In a not wholly different way President Wilson, having declared he stood by certain principles, was bound to convince himself that everything he accepted at Paris was a due fulfilment of those principles.

As a contribution to history the memoirs are valueless. There is no new disclosure of the smallest importance, and the special pleading that suppresses some facts and grossly distorts a number of others robs the volume of any pretence to the authority the personality of its author might have commanded. The ex-Kaiser is manifestly incapable of objectivity, but one might reasonably have hoped to discover from his reminiscences how situations presented themselves to him. Unfortunately there can be no confidence that he has even told us that.

But a fairly substantial deposit of self-revelation remains at points—though not always where it was intended to remain. So far as concerns the relation of Germany to the war, the two facts that stand out in this volume as incontestable are the genuineness of her belief in the peril of encirclement and the resolve of certain sections in Germany, with the Kaiser always in the forefront, that Germany must have a navy second to none. Unconvincing as most German apologists are when they handle the immediate causes of the war, and in particular the damning case against Austria (which the Kaiser virtually ignores), they get on to firmer ground when the general attitude of France and Russia in the decade before 1914 comes into question. Of such a passage as this:—

"Russia was building, with French billions, an enormous network of railways against us, while in France the railways destined to facilitate the deployment of forces against Germany were being indefatigably extended by the completion of three- and four-track lines—things as yet totally unknown in Germany,"

paraphrases constantly recur in later chapters, and they are couched in language that carries some conviction.

But the ex-Kaiser is a poor apologist. His memory must be failing indeed if he can accumulate, as proof of Great Britain's hostile intentions, various cock-and-bull stories that even German readers could hardly affect to take seriously, and yet omit all reference to Sir Edward Grey's eve-of-war disclosures of the sustained discussions between the French and British General Staffs. The ex-Kaiser's case could not, from his point of view, be made particularly convincing, but it might be dressed up a great deal more impressively than this.

On the navy Wilhelm II. is distinctly interesting. He gives his own detailed version of the famous conversations with Lord Haldane, a version irreconcilable with the ex-Lord Chancellor's published account of his mission, and a version

which omits all reference to the Churchill offer of a naval holiday. The Emperor would appear to have been torn throughout between his devotion to his splendid plaything and his realization of its extravagance, its superfluity, and its peril.

The German fleet was never meant to rival the British navy. So he insists repeatedly. And yet—

"[Bulow] succeeded by his skill in avoiding a world war at several moments of crisis; during the period, indeed, when I, together with Tirpitz, was building our protecting fleet."

And again:—

"The Skagerak battle proved what that fleet meant and what it was worth. That battle would have meant annihilation for England if the Reichstag, up to 1900, had not refused all proposals for strengthening the navy. Those twelve lost years were destined never to be retrieved."

The last paragraph explains a little the lament over "the failure of Admiral Hollman to move the recalcitrant Reichstag to adopt a progressive, systematic strengthening of German sea-power—largely due to the cheap catchwords of Deputy Richter and the lack of understanding of the Liberals of the Left, who were fooled by them."

But the most illuminating indication of the Emperor's sentiments about the fleet occurs in the passage in which, deploring the lack among the rising generation of "the right conception of the German idea—*Civis Germanus sum*," he adds that in the schools "Admiral Werner's 'Book of the German Fleet' was one of the few books by which the living feeling for the German Empire could be fanned into flame." And looking back across the years that separate 1922 from 1918, he can still write that in the war "the achievement of the U-boats aroused the admiration of the entire world, and won the ardent gratitude of the Fatherland."

When the ex-Kaiser ventures into the realm of history, fact and fiction completely merge their outlines. The existence of the supposed Potsdam Crown Council of July 5th, 1914, he denies *in toto*. In fact, it never took place; and the ex-Kaiser might have cited in his support the scepticism expressed by the British Ambassadors at Berlin and Vienna. But as for the preposterous story of a secret Anglo-Franco-American agreement of 1897, by which the three Powers are alleged to have bound themselves to take armed action jointly in case of an Austro-German war for "Pan-Germanism," it could never have been even invented by anyone who had ever read the American Constitution—which there is, after all, no reason to suppose the Kaiser has done.

In spite of some interesting, if inevitably egoistic, chapters on religion and art, there is no good reason why the exiled Emperor should be encouraged to pursue his essays in authorship.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The Cathedral. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

The Optimist. By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Follow My Leader. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

ONE must confess that the slipshod style in which the opening pages of Mr. Walpole's new novel are written may prejudice a reader against it. But some perseverance with it shows "The Cathedral" to be perhaps the best novel of ecclesiastical life that has appeared since the days of Trollope. One may be still unreconciled to the title ("La Cathédrale" is Huysmans's novel), but it *does* fit Mr. Walpole's story—a story of a cathedral town, a story in which the cathedral itself plays a more than decorative part, is endowed with a kind of life—ironic, jealous, destructive. This may be to accept the drunken artist Davray's conception of it; nevertheless, as it stands there, in its aloofness and beauty and splendor, it really is more like some pagan idol from which emanates a mysterious, baleful power, than a symbol of the Christian faith. It is not the house of God; it is not the house of Peace. It is uncertain, treacherous; its influence sinister and obscure; where its shadow falls, there is tragedy. It crushes Archdeacon Brandon to the earth;

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it drives his son from home; it brings the artist Davray to madness: and, though possibly to each of these it is but a fan that fans a secret fire to flame, yet two of them were worshippers, passionate, if strangely at enmity in their passion, and whether Mr. Walpole intends us to or not, we associate the cathedral with the disasters that befall them. It is as if it had poisoned the very air around it. It has influenced Canon Foster; it is beginning to influence Canon Ronder. Everywhere there are evil whisperings, scandal and malice, hatred and spying and intrigue. Bitter is the hatred of Mrs. Brandon for her husband, though she has nursed that hatred in silence for ten years, and it is not till there has sprung up in the loneliness of her repressed and stifled life a pale, scentless flower of pathetic, yet adulterous love, that she allows it to rise to the surface. Bitterer still is the hatred of Brandon for Canon Ronder, and with the opening of the second book there enters the Perrin and Traill motif. This hatred of Ronder waxes in the Archdeacon's soul till it becomes an obsession, a scarlet streak of madness. He sees the round, spectacled face of his enemy smiling at him from behind each misfortune that overtakes him. And the streak broadens, deepens, as the doors of the abyss swing open. Twice the Archdeacon comes very near to murder. His world drops away from him: he, the most powerful and popular man in that town, is looked at askance, is shunned, is dogged, presently, by a kind of spiritual blackmailer (a horrible creation, horrible in its reality), is in the end assaulted, kicked, and beaten. All this is shown admirably by Mr. Walpole, though, on the material side, the calamities that overwhelm Archdeacon Brandon may seem a trifle arbitrary, or, at least, to follow each other in too rapid succession. Certainly Mr. Walpole spares him nothing. The cumulative effect is crude, in the sense that it is slightly melodramatic, but it is powerful and moving. Nor is the book, really, a gloomy and morbid thing. It is tragic; the pride and self-sufficiency of the Archdeacon meet with terrible punishment; but it has its lighter side, and the courtship of Joan and Johnny is very pleasant. It is true they are only minor figures (Johnny in particular), but they are entirely successful, and Joan is as natural a young girl as one could hope to meet with.

Of course, the ecclesiastical life of Polchester occupies the prime place in the book. A good many parsons, from the Bishop down, live in these pages, and each of them stands on his feet, a man of flesh and blood and individuality. Mr. Walpole knows his Polchester; there is proof of it in little details that would have escaped an outsider. The period, 1896-1897, is the period when, according to him, the old spirit first began to give place to the new. More than twenty years later, however, we find it still lingering on in the heart and mind of Miss Delafield's Canon Morchard, who, nevertheless, is curiously different from any of Mr. Walpole's characters. This difference is subtle. Miss Delafield gives us an elaborate, consistent, and very clever study; and every word Canon Morchard says, and every word he writes, is characteristic. Is it, perhaps, just because of this, then, that in comparison with the Polchester group he strikes us as a little exaggerated? Mr. Walpole, writing of what he knows intimately, has worked, as it were, from the inside, can afford to let even his bishops appear in undress: Miss Delafield, working from the outside and on a narrower canvas, never for a moment allows her hero to forget his part. No man, we cannot help telling ourselves, could be so consistently self-illuminating in every remark and gesture as Canon Morchard is. For this very reason the effect at times approaches satire. Yet Miss Delafield is sympathetic, though her sympathy is intermittent, and at least she is as relentless in her presentation of Owen Quantillian, the young intellectual, as she is in her presentation of the emotional and abounding Canon. Here, again, we have a chapter of misfortunes, though the troubles that overtake Canon Morchard are much less violent, much less like thunderbolts thrown by a petulant deity, than those heaped upon Archdeacon Brandon. They are, in fact, inevitable, from the moment it becomes apparent that the children are not born to follow in their father's footsteps. First there is Valeria,

who breaks her engagement with the beloved Owen and marries Captain Cuscaden. Then there is Adrian, who renounces the Church and becomes a journalist, working under one of the Church's greatest enemies. Then there is the other boy, David, whose sudden death in India occurs only just in time to avert a scandal. But deeper troubles still would have befallen the Canon had he been less easily blinded, less convinced that "all things work together for good." Thus, when Flora, his youngest daughter, enters a Sisterhood, he never guesses what lies behind the impulse that has led her to take such a step; thus, he never learns that Owen—"Owen that was like a third son to me"—has lost all faith, not only in the Christian religion, but in the Christian ethics. By far the most sympathetic person in the book is Lucilla, the Canon's eldest daughter, who shares none of her father's illusions, but, nevertheless, has sacrificed everything to help him in his work. She deserves a better mate than the priggish Owen, allotted to her by Miss Delafield, yet even with Owen—and she is nearly forty when she marries him—we feel that Lucilla will be happy.

It is a clever novel, and so is Mrs. Hamilton's "Follow My Leader." We found Mrs. Hamilton's story a good deal less attractive than "The Optimist"; but that is only a reviewer's personal distaste for politics in fiction. Like Miss Delafield, Mrs. Hamilton makes the daughter in her book the father's secretary; but, unlike Lucilla, Jane Heriot is determined to live her own life. John Heriot, M.P., is a showy figure, of immense vitality and egotism. He has charm also, a charm that neither his daughter nor his sons can help feeling, though they struggle to resist it. And they succeed—better than the infatuated Mrs. Yelverton. Jane is undoubtedly helped by the fact that she comes under the influence of Sandy Colquhoun, the Socialist; and there is a brilliant, and even exciting episode, in which Jane's lover, Colquhoun, contests a by-election against her father, and loses. This vivid little battle forms a climax to all that has gone before, and at the end of it Jane has made up her mind about both her father and her lover. She has discovered Heriot's infidelity, but this hardly affects her opinion of him, and has nothing at all to do with her decision to throw in her lot with Colquhoun. There is a certain stoicism in her attitude, but love is there, too, and faith. Moreover, considering the somewhat bleak nature of the union into which she is about to enter, stoicism, one is afraid, may be required.

M. MAETERLINCK'S GREAT SECRET.

The Great Secret. By M. MAETERLINCK. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

WHAT is the Great Secret? The book offers rare delight for a winter evening to find a solution of the problem. But it is not helpful at the outset to be told of "the hidden sources of supreme wisdom which are to be found, but will always be for us as though they were not, since those who win through are condemned, on pain of death, to an inviolable silence."

What, then, is the Great Secret? "There has been," according to Maeterlinck, "a great mysterious river which, since the beginning of history, has been flowing beneath all the religions, all the faiths, and all the philosophies: in a word, beneath all the visible and everyday manifestations of human thought." This makes a wide area. It would have been better if it ran at the end of our garden. The springs of the river are amongst the mists of India; India, the sunlit home of dark mystery or the brightest jewel in the crown of the "good queen," as one prefers. The course of the river can be traced through the faith of Egypt. The agreement between the Greek philosophers and Vedic and Brahmin theories manifests its presence. It can be detected in the troubled eddies of Gnosticism and Neo-Platonism. It flows underground in the occultism of the Cabala. The medieval alchemists and the modern occultists are in the stream, and rather hint they know. The secret is nearly given away by the metaphysicists with their universal or astral agent, the cosmic etheric or vital fluid, the Akasha of the occultists or the "od" of modern theorists. Perhaps Eustace Miles knows, for the Great Secret involves dietetic discipline: "it may be the time is less remote than we

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suppose when we shall cease to be greedy stomachs and insatiable bellies." Some of our neighbors on the dole may thus stumble on the Great Secret. "Od" is that which penetrates everywhere; the secret quintessence of man must be "odid." This conclusion is supported by reference to the experiments of Reichenbach, although this mysterious emanation has been declared by Paul Heuze to be produced in darkened rooms by india-rubber solution or the froth of stout; anyway the last suggests a satisfying alternative which prevents utter despair, when, at length, having passed through backwaters of pessimism lest the truth should never be found, and through agnosticism that nothing valuable is to be known, we stumble upon the treasure. "The Great Secret, the only secret, is that all things are secret; . . . let us make allowance for the unknowable and search only for what is there; the certainty that all things are God, that all things exist in Him and should end in happiness, and that the only divinity which we can hope to understand is to be found in the depths of our own souls."

It has been a tiring search; the glutinous style makes one feel like having tramped through squeazy fenland on a misty autumnal morning; the scholarship of the book is jejune. So much for so little of real worth. And Maeterlinck once added to the innocent joy of life by writing "The Blue Bird"!

From the Publishers' Table.

WE welcome the first seven numbers of "The Abbey Classics" (Chapman & Dodd. 3s. 6d. each net). This new library of slim pocket-books is attractive both in form and selection: "Memoirs of His Own Life. By Sir James Melville of Halhill"; "Vathek"; "The Episodes of Vathek"; "A Sentimental Journey"; Cobbett's "Journal of a Year's Residence in America"; "The Golden Asse of Lucius Apuleius" (Adlington's translation); and "Candide" (with an introduction by A. B. Walkley). And there are promised for immediate publication Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting"; Beaconsfield's "Letters of Runnymede"; Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son"; "Gulliver's Travels"; Melville's "Mardi"; and "Daphnis and Chloë" (Thornley's translation).

WE would advise those who are looking for a novelty in Christmas cards that the British Museum has just published five sets of cards (a shilling each set, and if ordered from outside a trifle should be added for postage) of the Nativity and Epiphany. Four sets of reproductions in monochrome are for the art student and all who are interested in engravings and drawings; and one set consists of five representations in colors of illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages. To facilitate their use as Christmas cards, one side has been left plain for the purchaser to print or inscribe his private greeting.

AN announcement of Messrs. Longmans has considerable appeal to those acquainted with the literary life of the early nineteenth century, who have long awaited some supplement to the 1869 edition of Crabb Robinson's Diary. "Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c.," is the title of such a supplement, which the researches of Miss Edith J. Morley among Crabb Robinson's mass of diaries, preserved in Dr. Williams's Library, have made an early prospect.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE inform us that Melville's prose works will be completed in their Standard Edition of twelve volumes in February next; and "Moby Dick" in two volumes is due out in December.

THE "James Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes," founded in remembrance of the Edinburgh publisher, have been awarded for the year 1921: for the best biography, Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" is chosen; and Mr. de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" for the best novel. These

works, one notes, have also been among the "best-sellers" of the period.

MESSRS. CASSELL are issuing the novels of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith—which a bookseller might incidentally catalogue under the heading "Sussex"—in a uniform three-and-sixpenny edition.

MR. FREDERICK LITCHFIELD'S "Illustrated History of Furniture" is being re-issued by Messrs. Truslove & Hanson. This, the seventh edition of a survey extending from the first times recorded until now, is revised throughout: chapters have been re-written, and one on Colonial Furniture introduced. Fifty extra illustrations included make the total more than four hundred.

KNOWN as "The Humane Horse-Trainer" and a successful reformer of savage and vicious animals by his novel system, Mr. Percy F. Thorn has written the necessary book—"Humane Horse-Training." Lord Lonsdale has supplied an introductory letter. Messrs. Hutchinson are the publishers.

ON November 27th Messrs. Blackwell of Oxford will publish a book catalogue of a noteworthy character, that of the bulk of the library of the late Sir Walter Raleigh, which the firm has purchased.

Music.

THE TAX ON ALIENS.

THERE is a well-known story to the effect that Hans von Bülow, having read the notice of Sterndale Bennett's death in his morning paper just before he was due to catch a train for Bath in order to play at an afternoon concert there, drove to a music shop on his way to Paddington Station, bought some pianoforte pieces of Sterndale Bennett, committed them to memory in the train, and played them at the concert. The story is generally told as an illustration of von Bülow's astonishing power of memory. To modern pianists it would not be in the least astonishing, though the modern English musician might consider it a piece of astonishing impertinence. Whether von Bülow ever came into personal contact with Sterndale Bennett I do not know; but he ought, one imagines, to have known something of his works and to have respected a composer who holds so honorable a place in our musical history. One wonders if von Bülow, who apparently had no knowledge of Sterndale Bennett's music before it struck him that it would be diplomatic to play it, ever played those pieces again, either in England or abroad.

That story recurs to my mind because it is becoming noticeable that practically all foreigners who play in England include some English work in their programmes. It looks almost as if this obligation were endorsed on their passports as a condition of landing on our shores. No doubt they are advised by their friends and their agents that to play some English music will create a favorable impression. We have all become rather uncomfortably self-conscious about English music since the war. For generations it has rankled bitterly in the hearts of English musicians that England was supposed to be an unmusical country. For generations English composers have complained that they were never appreciated at their true value even by their own countrymen, let alone abroad. During the last ten or fifteen years matters have improved. English people have gradually begun to realize in some way that they possess a music of their own. English musicians are now trying to make the Continent realize it too.

What the Continent thinks about it is difficult to estimate. Foreigners are polite people. But some-

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times, when one comes to know them intimately, they forget themselves and tell the truth. It is very charming to imagine that all these players from abroad are so enraptured by the works of English composers that they cannot put together a programme without them. What one would like to know is whether they ever play them in other countries. A certain amount of English music is played abroad, we know; there are certain leaders of musical thought who are genuinely interested in our productions, and are as anxious to keep in touch with the musical output of England as they are to become acquainted with the latest thing from Paris or Rome. But the travelling *virtuoso* belongs to a different category. I strongly suspect that though he may put in a piece by an English composer when he plays in London, he will be glad to forget it when he goes to another capital. His Chopin and his Liszt will be his chief stock-in-trade; his little extra will vary according to the country in which he plays.

There is no getting away from the fact that to-day more than ever in the world's history musicians from abroad want to come to London to make money. Still more do they wish to go to America, for there is still more money to be made there. Whether in America it is etiquette to play the work of American composers I do not know. But one occasionally hears unpleasant observations dropped by foreign musicians who make it quite clear that money, and money only, is the object of their visits to Anglo-Saxon countries. What do they really think about the little pieces by Englishmen which they have to put in? What did von Bülow really think about Sterndale Bennett?

It is difficult to settle the question in our minds by considering what the English musician ought to play abroad. The English musician will most probably feel that if he goes to Portugal, he wants to show the Portuguese that there is English music worth hearing, and that English players interpret it best. He may even be modest enough to feel that it would be somewhat of an impertinence on his part to play Portuguese music, feeling sure that however much he may admire it, he will never be able to interpret it as well as the Portuguese players do. It is quite impossible to lay down any general principle. Musicians are all individualists. When the English composer says that someone ought to play English music somewhere, he very naturally means that his own music ought to be played. He may be willing enough to consider himself an Englishman, he may possibly feel pleased if English critics say that his music is English in style; but he will certainly be annoyed beyond measure if anyone classes him as belonging to "the English school" or indeed to any school. Every composer likes to say of himself as the contemporary poet said of Corelli:—

"Egli è a se stesso e a null' altro simile."

It is not always safe to say that Englishmen are the best interpreters of English music. The best interpretations that I have heard of Elgar's music were those of Bohemian players. A Bohemian orchestra in Prague gave a wonderful performance of Elgar's Second Symphony; and when the Bohemian Quartet played his quartet in London they gave it a dashing animation which no English players would ever equal. English Quartets generally make it sound dull; whether the dullness lies in the players or in the music is another question. The Flonzaley Quartet recently played a quartet by Mr. Arnold Bax. It was very gratifying that so distinguished a body of players should put an English work into their programme. It would be pleasant to think that they were spreading Mr. Bax's music all over Europe and America. After I had heard them play it I began to be doubtful, for in spite of all their skill they were not the ideal interpreters of it. It requires a different style of playing to bring out its romantic beauty. The performance of the Flonzaley players did justice neither to Mr. Bax nor to themselves, though we can all appreciate the goodwill which prompted it.

When a pianist puts down a few English pieces at the end of a recital the matter is not so serious. An unsympathetic performance is in a certain way a

criticism on the music. One can form some sort of a judgment as to how English work compares with that of the Continent; in the case of pianoforte music it seldom compares favorably. English composers do not as a rule express themselves happily at the pianoforte. From the point of view of the performer and the listener, it is a pity that the player should waste his time and ours on these unnecessary and insincere compliments to music that is often in itself insincere and unnecessary.

More than once foreign players have consulted me on this point. There is only one answer that can be given: "Play what you like." One can tell the foreigner to look through a certain amount of English music with a genuine belief that it will be worth his while. There will be something at least, one hopes, which will make a sincere appeal to him. But it is no use his playing English music at a London concert unless it really does appeal to him, unless he can interpret it with all his heart and soul. If an English work does succeed in making an impression of this intensity upon him, he will make his impression on his audience, and we may then reasonably hope that he will take the work to other countries and show them that England is not so utterly unmusical as is generally supposed. If the foreigner merely asks which he can learn with the least trouble, what will bring him the maximum of applause, or whose favor is likely to bring him the most lucrative engagements, he may be left to the tender mercies of his concert agent.

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ONE is always reluctant to charge a playwright with a failure in dramatic technique. Drama has its technique, as have all the other arts, but it is a far more elastic thing than the text-books admit. Most of the rules, from those of Aristotle onwards, are all the better for being broken, while the French fetish of the "well-made play" usually provides glaring examples of the way in which a play should not be made. Particularly do we dislike raising complaints about form when an author has given us a play full of excellent matter, but sometimes the painful task cannot be shirked. Mr. Conrad has not succeeded in transforming his book "The Secret Agent" into a well-constructed play. What he has done (and it is a great deal) is to bring over to the boards, "in earthen vessels" so to speak, a great many of the good things from the book. The psychology and philosophy that inform every fragment of that melodrama of genius are preserved in good measure in the acting version, but the acting version has, nevertheless, no kick in it. The point Mr. Conrad has missed, we think, is the supremacy which action seizes over all the other elements in a story when that story is cast or recast in dramatic form. In fact, and it may be in the book, Mrs. Verloc's knife-thrust is not nearly so significant as the state of Mrs. Verloc's soul after she has killed, but on the stage only another event as decisive can save what follows the murder from anti-climax. On a smaller scale several of the earlier scenes show the same failing. Action is the necessary skeleton upon which a drama must be articulated; it may be clothed in thought and soul-stuff, but cannot be built upon them.

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a part of this kind, with its phases of despair, frenzy, and ultimate insanity, have acquired something like adequate recognition, but to say simply that she is an enormously powerful actress is to omit the real individuality of her style. We can only indicate this by a rather crude comparison. It was always the fashion in the old melodramas to accompany the heroine at her entrances and exits and crises with soft music. It was an exasperating trick, but it was doubtless a rude symbol of a supersensible melody which neither the author nor player had the skill to realize themselves. Just what they failed to do Miss Lewes cannot help doing, even with so grim a part as that of Winnie Verloc. It goes all the time to a special music for the internal ear alone. Visibly the rôle is all that is sordid, for we cannot grant that a frustrated maternal instinct, side-tracked upon a degenerate brother, justifies every length of hypocrisy, treachery, and cruelty. Invisibly, on the other hand, all is radiance and beauty, as it were by a necessity of Miss Lewes's genius. And we cannot, in this case, fairly complain of the glamor, since Winnie Verloc is something of a *Lorelei*.

Mr. St. Barbe West (the splendid Cromwell of "Charles I.") also does some idealizing as Verloc. Is not the secret agent in the book more flabby and less virile than as Mr. West portrays him? If so, it is a *felix culpa*, since the tragedy is more poignant if we do not despise the victim overmuch. Mr. Frank Vosper is to be congratulated on a clever character-sketch of Mr. Vladimir, the secret-service chief at the "Hyperborean" Embassy. The mingled fatuity and brutality of the Continental militarist type are conveyed with shrewdness. Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas, in spite of some unaccountable marks of nervousness on the night when we saw him, is well within the skin of Inspector Heat, not forgetting to temper the duplicity of the character with the appropriate codfish air. Standing at the cross-roads at which every rising actor has to choose between exploiting his personality and undertaking the labor of honest impersonation, Mr. Brandon-Thomas seems resolved to take the right turning.

Of "The Cat and the Canary" little need here be said. Its triumph seems assured. The management are nervously anxious that no critic shall "give away" the secret of the *dénouement*. What the value of a play can be that depends on such a surprise our readers are competent to judge for themselves. We gladly offer testimony that none of the mechanism of the "crook and mystery" play is neglected during the three acts of "The Cat and the Canary," but we must be allowed to add that not all the apparatus of trap-doors, sliding panels, and disguises aroused in us a flash of any interest but the idle curiosity of a penny puzzle. We resent, too, the brutal materialism of these American melodramas. A heroine who, within ten minutes or so of being declared heiress to a large fortune and property, starts hunting with breathless greediness for a valuable necklace supposed to be concealed in the old house she has inherited, gets a bit on our nerves. Miss Esmé Beringer does something to relieve the crassness of the entertainment by her artistic playing of an old half-colored servant of suspected *voodoo* tendencies.

D. L. M.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sun. 12. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Attack on Civilization," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
Indian Students' Union (Kewal Street, W.C.1), 5.—"Can the West give Anything to the East?" Miss Maude Royden.
- Mon. 13. University College, 3.—"English Prose Style from Swift to Shaw," Dr. E. A. Baker.
Women's Guild of Empire (Caxton Hall), 3.—"Why Things are Dead," Mr. Herbert Williams.
King's College, 5.30.—"Church Music of the Nineteenth Century," Mr. E. T. Cook.
King's College, 5.30.—"Slavonic Studies since the Time of Dobrovsky," Lecture II., Dr. Vocadlo.
University College, 5.30.—"Martial Law," Lord Sumner. (Rhodes Lecture.)
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Strand and the Adelphi in Ancient Times," Mr. John Slater.

- Tues. 14. Royal Asiatic Society, 4.30.—"A Persian Library," Prof. E. G. Browne.
Society for Roman Studies (Society of Antiquaries' Rooms), 4.30.—
King's College, 5.15.—"St. Thomas Aquinas and the Papal Monarchy," Dr. F. A. P. Aveling.
King's College, 5.30.—"Later Florentine Painting: Filippino Lippi and Others," Prof. P. Dearnley.
University College, 5.30.—"Medieval Danish Ballads," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
- Wed. 15. Royal Academy, 4.—"The Preservation and Cleaning of Pictures," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Scientific Principles underlying Infant Feeding," Dr. G. E. C. Pritchard.
King's College, 5.30.—"Italian Influence on British History," Miss Ady.
University College, 5.30.—"Norway," Lecture II., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.
University College, 6.15.—"The Foreign Exchanges," Newmarch Lecture II., Mr. A. W. Flux.
Royal Microscopical Society, 7.30.—"Glare and Flooding in Microscope Illumination," Mr. Conrad Beck; and other Papers.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Action of the Beater in Paper-Making," Dr. Sigurd Smith.
- Thurs. 16. University College, 2.30.—"Recent Excavations in Malta," Miss Margaret A. Murray.
Royal Academy, 4.—"Modern Pigments," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Propagation of Gravitational Waves," Prof. A. S. Eddington; and other Papers.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Rise of Modern Bulgaria," Lecture I., Lady Grogan.
King's College, 5.30.—"Immanence and Transcendence in Contemporary Philosophy," Dr. W. R. Matthews.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Stoic Philosophy," Lecture II., Miss Hilda D. Oakley.
University College, 5.30.—"Efforts towards Italian Unity, 1848-1849," Mr. G. M. Trevelyan.
Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road), 6.—"The Measurement of the Intelligence of School-children in Massachusetts," Dr. A. D'Arcy Chapman.
Royal Numismatic Society, 6.—"The Roman Serrati, with a Note on Sertorius," Mr. H. Mattingly.
Indian Students' Union (Kewal Street, W.C.1), 8.—"War and Population," Mr. Harold Cox.
- Fri. 17. Royal Academy, 4.—"Painting Media: Oils, Varnishes, and Tempera," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Development of Water Power in India," Mr. J. W. Meares.
English Association (London School of Economics), 5.15.—"The Trojans in Britain," Prof. G. Gordon.
University College, 5.15.—"Problems of Evolution with Special Reference to Fishes," Lecture II., Mr. C. Tate Regan.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

RELIGION.

- Briley (Rev. E. F.). A Sunday School in Utopia: a Manual for the Sunday School Teacher. Macmillan, 5/-.
Drachmann (A. B.). Atheism in Pagan Antiquity. Gyldeendal, 7/6.
Gore (Bishop Charles). Belief in Christ. Murray, 7/6.
Health and Holiness. Being the Laws of Health applied to Body, Soul, and Spirit. Melrose, 1/-.
*Jackson (Principal L. P.). Religious Perplexities. Hodder & Stoughton, 2/6.
Knox (Bishop). On What Authority? A Review of the Foundations of Christian Faith. Longmans, 7/6.
*Pheips (William Lyon). Human Nature in the Bible. Scribner, 10/6.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Barnes (Alfred). The Political Aspect of Co-operation. Manchester, Co-operative Union, Hanover St., 6d.
*Buxton (Noel) and Conwell-Evans (T. P.). Oppressed Peoples and the League of Nations. Maps. Dent, 6/-.
Colyer (W. T.). Americanism: a World Menace. Pref. by Tom Mann. Labor Publishing Co., 8/-.
*Essays in Liberalism. Lectures delivered at the Liberal Summer School, 1922. Collins, 2/6.
Finland. Trade and Industry of Finland. II. Helsinki, J. Stenius' Heirs Printing Co. (Finnish Consul-General, 28-29, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.).
Hofmann (R.). Interdependence: Contribution d'un Neutre à la Reconstruction en Europe. Paris, G. Oudin ("Swiss Observer," 21, Garlick Hill, E.C.4), 4/-.
*League of Nations. International Labor Organization of the League. League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, 3d.
*Leites (K.). Recent Economic Developments in Russia. Ed. by Herald Westergaard. Carnegie Endowment (Milford), 7/6.

USEFUL ARTS.

- Langie (André). Cryptography. Tr. by J. C. H. Macbeth. Constable, 9/-.
*Wright (Thomas). The Romance of the Shop. II. C. J. Farncombe, 30, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, 12/6.

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- Lewer (H. W.) and Percival (Maximilian). The Bric-a-Brac Collector: A Practical Guide. Pl. Jenkins, 7/6.
- *Matthews (W. H.). Mazes and Labyrinths: a General Account of their History and Developments. Il. Longmans, 18/-.
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